

OUR ISLAND TOWN



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OUR ISLAND TOWN

BY

OUR TOWNSPEOPLE AND FRIENDS

PREPARED BY

LILLIE S. BOUSFIELD



THE BAR HARBOR TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY
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ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE TOWN FOUNTAIN

INTRODUCTION

Many years ago I came to Mt. Desert Island on a missionary trip, to speak at Bar Harbor, Northeast Harbor, and Eden.

Then after a lapse of years our youngest son, Neal, who had become interested in the coast of Maine, was invited to make a survey of it and its large number of islands, — between 2000 and 2500 large enough to be inhabited, — and to report to the Committee of the Maine Sea Coast Mission. We wondered at the time whether or not there might be something in the air. Our suspicions were well founded, for now Neal is Superintendent of that Mission. It was because he had chosen this as his life work that we were led, on our return from China, to settle at Northeast Harbor to be near him, and my husband to give a year's voluntary service to the Mission. After that we were invited to North Haven.

I have become convinced that this is an exceptional island, and that our town is something very special. It has been a most interesting and thrilling experience, after forty-three and a half years of service in far-away China, to live on a village street in Maine, diagonally opposite to the steamboat wharf, with the post office nearby and three stores opposite to us.

The beauty of the place is one of its features. There is nothing monotonous about the island; the views from different points are ever-changing and, when the sun is shining at the right angle, inspiring. The friendliness of the townspeople is another feature of great interest. One might live next door to people in a city without even knowing their names. On North Haven it does

OUR ISLAND TOWN

not take long to know everyone, and to understand something of the background of the population.

Here, most of the people are descended from some of the finest of British stock, from families that came over in pre-revolution days, settling first in Massachusetts and other parts of New England. We have right here in this town descendants from Governor Edward Winslow of Massachusetts, Miles Standish, a brother of John Carver of Plymouth, Robert Waterman (who settled in Massachusetts in 1635), Samuel Hopkins, Daniel Webster, J. Fenimore Cooper, and other notable people who were the backbone of our country.

I also marvel at the number of people of note who have gone out from this small island, men and women who were born and brought up here, attended the schools of North Haven, went out from here to different colleges, and are now scattered over the country, doing splendid work. Though I would love to tell about some of them, I will not attempt to mention the names, for I fear I would miss many who ought to be included.

So many return in the summer for a vacation and to renew the old friendships of many years, that I cannot but be deeply impressed with the part played by small towns in the history of our United States of America. We are proud of them, and of the work they are doing. With our present population of four hundred people, I think that we make a good showing, and no one can deny the importance of small places. Our fresh, invigorating atmosphere and environment become a part of their general make-up and very life.

I must not neglect to mention our summer people, who have meant so very much to our island. Some world-famous people, and others of nation-wide importance and influence, have their estates on our island.

INTRODUCTION

We do appreciate their interest in us, and all they have done in so many ways to help us. Our Church is very much indebted to their generous financial support, and as they return to us year after year, we look forward with pleasure to seeing them amongst us.

Sometimes it seems as if a small town does not make much of a contribution to Christian democracy; but I do believe that if each one of us will trust God and go forward, availing ourselves of our opportunities, we can develop into what He wants us to be, a power where He has placed us.

I want here to thank all who have contributed towards making this book. I could never have written what the townspeople have done, for they have been here for many generations, and know conditions as I cannot know them.

I also want to thank especially some of our summer friends for their kindly interest and the chapters they have written. I trust that any omissions on my part may be forgiven, for there is yet very much that ought to be told about Our Island Town.

Most sincerely,

Lillie S. Bousfield

OUR ISLAND TOWN

ISLANDS

There is no lover like an island shore
For lingering embrace;
No tryst so faithful as the turning tide
At its accustomed place.

The smallest island, with a sentry wave
Dashing bright lances down
To flout all Pharaohs on their chariot-wheels,
Outwatches a walled town.

Here is the loneliness of eagles' wings
Elba and Skyros knew,
Here magic, lotus-leaved Calypso gave
Ulysses and his crew.

So Charon ferries to no far-off star,
Knowing what sea-folk guess, —
There is no lover like an island shore
To give forgetfulness.

—Elizabeth Morrow

THE GEOLOGY OF THE ISLAND

THE GEOLOGY OF THE ISLAND

North Haven is situated in the western side of Penobscot Bay, twelve miles from Rockland, Maine. The island is nine miles long, four miles wide, and twenty-eight miles around by water. The most striking topographical feature is its extremely irregular coastline, composed of peninsulas, necks, points, bays, harbors, and coves. So deeply indented are the shores and so low the divides that a submergence of less than twenty feet would divide it into scores of smaller islands. Although at no point is the elevation great, many hills rise from one hundred to two hundred feet above sea-level.

An oceanic island may be regarded as a geological unit. The Fox Islands, North Haven and Vinalhaven, lying as they do within the coastline, are to be regarded simply as detached portions of the mainland.

Penobscot Bay is a drowned river valley, and the islands represent the tops of the old Fox Hills in old Penobscot Valley. The Thoroughfare, now separating the islands, was then a transverse valley. In a similar way, the harbors and coves make the drainage lines of the Fox Hills.

The mantle of glacial drift, which in some parts of the state is a thick deposit, here consists of clay and sand with some gravel, and is comparatively thin. Drainage may have been embarrassed somewhat by local deposits. Doubtless, the Fresh Pond originated by damming of a stream with several of its tributaries at that point by sand and gravel. In the main, however, the pre-glacial topography may be regarded as

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only slightly modified by the ice-cap which covered the Fox Hills and the valley of the Penobscot.

North Haven is composed of greenstone schists (rocks that split into slabs or slates), with the exception of two peninsulas, Indian Point and the larger one between Waterman's Cove and the Southern Harbor. Immediately south of the green schists and extending eastward from the shores of the Southern Harbor is a fossiliferous series of Niagara Sediments, a narrow strip of sandstone, shale, limestone, and conglomerate.

The two southern peninsulas are composed of red, gray, and purple volcanic rocks.

The area bordering on the Southern Harbor presents the greatest variety of rocks and structures. The greenstone is mainly very fine grained, and of a light yellow to a grayish green color.

Examination of the shores of Southern Harbor reveals the presence of large masses of greenstone which evidently is the product of volcanic action. Fossils can be found in the limestone and shale where they are exposed along the shore.

On especially favorable exposures, the best being a vertical cliff on the West Shore about midway between Pulpit and Bartlett's Harbors, the weathering has proceeded to such an extent that the masses of greenstone project. These projections remind one of stumps of small trees in an inclined position.

Anyone visiting the village of North Haven or even sailing through the Fox Island Thoroughfare cannot fail to notice the red, yellow, and purple rocks that form the bold shores. These are volcanic rocks most typically developed on North Haven.

From the similarity and even the identity of their products, we know that the old Penobscot Volcanoes

THE GEOLOGY OF THE ISLAND

differed in no essential feature from those now active in other parts of the world. The sediments deposited in the Niagara Sea and preserved on North Haven are similar, in all but their fossil fauna, to the muds and sands now being deposited off the coast of Maine.

— Phyllis Duncan Sappington

Reference:

A Geological Study of the Fox Islands, Maine,
by George Otis Smith

OUR ISLAND TOWN

EARLY HISTORY OF NORTH HAVEN

The early history of North Haven is very closely connected with that of Vinalhaven. Martin Pring discovered and named the group "The Fox Islands" in 1603.

There was an attempt to establish a settlement about 1760, but the settlers were driven away by the Indians. David Wooster is said to have been the first permanent settler, in 1762; but in 1764 and 1765 quite a large colony was established, coming mostly from Massachusetts, and largely from Marshfield in that State. Among them these names were represented: Winslow, Carver, Kent, Newbury, Carr, Banks, Robbins, Thomas, Waterman, Ames, Lindsay, Cooper, Beverage, Heath, McMullen, Bowen, Brown, Luce, White, Dyer, Crabtree, Alexander, Webster and Young. Very few of these names are found here now.

These people were industrious and thrifty, and some of them were well educated for the times. In recent years, genealogical research has established that the Winslows were descendants from a brother of Governor Edward Winslow of Massachusetts, the Carvers from a brother of Governor John Carver of Plymouth Colony, the Watermans from Robert Waterman who settled in Massachusetts in 1635, and no one who remembers the older Websters and Coopers and has noted their resemblance to pictures of Daniel Webster (also of Marshfield) and J. Fenimore Cooper doubts that the same blood ran in their veins.

The ancient appletree on Kent's Hill was brought from Marshfield in a washtub by Penelope Winslow, and the fruit was known as "Penelope apples."



THE OLD APPLE TREE

EARLY HISTORY OF NORTH HAVEN

These islands belonged to Massachusetts until 1820, when Maine was set apart as a separate State. At various times they have been included in Hancock, Lincoln, Waldo and Knox Counties. Their first form of self-government was under the name of "Fox Island Plantation," and it has been noted that of the sixty-four persons who petitioned regarding this matter, one-fourth had names beginning with "C."

In 1789, "North and South Fox Islands," as they were then called, were incorporated as the town of Vinalhaven, and so remained until 1848, when North Haven became a separate town. These various changes in the government set-up were responsible for the remark of Uncle Lewis Leadbetter that he had lived in two states, four counties, and three towns, and had always lived in the same house. (The terms "uncle" and "aunt" were applied automatically to everyone who attained middle age, whether related or not.)

This group of islands was included in the Waldo Patent, granted to General Waldo by England in Colonial times. In due time they were inherited by General Waldo's granddaughter, who married General Knox of Thomaston, so that land acquired by purchase goes back to General Knox for its title. A notable example was the Carr purchase by Benjamin Carr, estimated to comprise 500 acres, which included all the land on the north side of Pulpit Harbor, from a point opposite Pulpit Rock to a line extending from the "Mill Stream" to Penobscot Bay, which is the western boundary of the Jackson Ames estate and has never been changed. The Carr house was near two old apple-trees in the field now owned by Thomas W. Lamont of New York. The Carr family consisted mostly of girls, and as each married, her father cut off a farm for her,

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running from Mill Stream to Penobscot Bay parallel with his eastern boundary line and of uniform width. What is known as the Mills farm was the first one so set apart, and retained its original dimensions until recent years. With the lapse of years he finally provided for all his daughters, and in his old age found he still had quite an estate left, also one son, so in accordance with custom he deeded the land to the son to care for himself and his wife for the rest of their lives. This arrangement did not work very well, so finally the son gave up the job and Benjamin Beverage assumed the task. Many house-lots were sold off around Pulpit Harbor, which at one time was a thriving village, but the most of the estate remained in the Beverage family for more than 100 years.

Benjamin Carr was a Revolutionary soldier. He was very thin, and claimed that when in battle he saw a bullet coming, he would say to himself, "Edgeways, Ben Carr," and the bullet whistled harmlessly past him.

Speculation is sometimes made as to why these men left the mainland and brought their wives and families to settle on these lonely islands, but I think the reasons are not far to seek. They were far enough from the coast so that frequent Indian attacks were not likely. There were no large and ugly wild animals here. The islands were heavily wooded to provide fuel, and the soil was fertile for crops. The surrounding waters teemed with fish of many kinds, and being comparatively protected from the ocean, navigation in such vessels as they were able to build themselves was not difficult. With their flocks and herds, their gardens and forests, and their fisheries, they were self-supporting, and had little use for money. Such need as there was they supplied largely by the sale of fish products

EARLY HISTORY OF NORTH HAVEN

secured during warm weather and taken to Boston in the fall, in their largest vessels, to be exchanged for cash or for things they could not produce, such as molasses, raisins and rum. These fish products, which found a ready sale, were dried salt fish, barrels of salt mackerel and herring and dried hake sounds, valuable in making glue.

Their menus do not sound very inviting to us, including as they did the salt fish mentioned above, salt beef, pork and mutton, corn meal mush and milk or molasses, dried apple and cranberry sauce sweetened with molasses, as well as pumpkin and apple pies, gingerbread and doughnuts. Sugar was scarce and expensive, and seven pounds was considered an ample allowance per year for a family, as it was used only in tea. Coffee was often made of roasted dried peas and sweetened with molasses. A custard pie made with molasses was something (?).

Heating as well as cooking was all done by fireplace and brick oven. The first cook stove was introduced by Uncle Jim Beverage; he having secured a stove top on one of his frequent trips to Boston, proceeded to make a body for it out of bricks and mortar. There is no report as to how efficient it was as a stove, but one of his boys said he didn't think it would do any harm to worship it, as he was sure there was nothing like it in heaven or earth.

Tallow candles made by dipping or run in moulds were the commonest way of lighting, but a few families had whale-oil lamps. Once Granny Robbins, walking around the shore at Marsh Cove, came upon the carcass of a whale. According to law, whatever a person found on the beach was his property if he tied it. Granny had no rope with her, and did not dare to go

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home to get one, fearing that someone else would come along and discover her treasure before she could get back, so she sat down (presumably on the whale, to be sure of him), unravelled her home-knit stocking and tied it with the yarn, and then went home for some rope. A whale was a valuable prize because of the oil.

Granny was a competent midwife, at a time when babies were plenty and doctors scarce, and is said to have brought more than one thousand babies into the world. She was a daughter of John Newbury, one of the first settlers, and a Revolutionary soldier who is buried on top of Oak Hill and whose grave is marked only by a flag on Memorial Day. It seems a pity that these Revolutionary soldiers whose burial places are known have no permanent markers.

Education was dispensed in winter by Michael Bowen, and in summer the small children went to what was called a Dame's School, taught by Peggy Bowen. Women teachers received \$1.50 wages for a six-day week, and "boarded round."

Girls learned at home while very small to knit and sew, and had to do a "stint" every day. They made patchwork quilts and samplers, some of which were works of art. As they grew older they learned to spin and weave and started to fill their "Hope Chests." It was considered regrettable, not to say disgraceful, to be an old maid, so every girl tried to get married young, eighteen being a desirable age. A regulation wedding outfit, called a "settin' out," consisted of a silk dress, imported of course, and often laid aside after the wedding to serve as a shroud at her death; a string of gold beads, a set of China, half a dozen solid silver teaspoons, and such other articles as her family could afford.

EARLY HISTORY OF NORTH HAVEN

Carpets and rugs, the better grades of furniture, Sandwich glass, and such things as are prized nowadays as antiques, were scarce on the islands, and were usually imported when anyone had them. Much of the furniture was home-made.

The young people had to furnish their own amusement, and when the urge for a good time came upon them, they yoked the oxen into a sled, gathered up the boys and girls and went to some farmhouse for a kitchen dance. Most likely a home-made fiddle provided the music, perhaps played by Michael Bowen, who was musical and had been a fifer in the Revolutionary army, but the boys' cowhide boots greased with mutton tallow, which showed white at every seam, must have furnished a good accompaniment as they pounded the bare floors. About midnight the hosts served a supper of roast goose and all that went with it, topped off by mince and pumpkin pies, and no doubt "a good time was had by all."

— Nellie F. Brown

OUR ISLAND TOWN

THE RED JACKET

There's a bustle in the shipyard of the builder Deacon
George,
A pounding of the hammers and a ringing of the forge;
A smell of tar and oakum and the tread of hustling feet,
And masts are standing stark and haughty, waiting for
the sheet.

For straining at her cradle is the latest clipper bark,
White decks agleam above her hull as black as ebony
dark;
Sharp as a wedge, swift and hardy, as that Indian saga-
more,
"The Red Jacket" whose massive form upon her prow
she bore.

The builder looks her over with his keen blue Thomas
eyes,
And nods in satisfaction at the sleekness of his prize;
"By Jove," he thunders to his men as he gives his thigh
a slap,
"I'll bet her full square riggin' she'll put Rockland on
the map."

Flood of tide, November two, in eighteen fifty-three,
At eleven noon, the hundreds cheer as hammers knock
her free;
Steadily and gracefully she moves along the way,
Till suddenly she's floated on calm Penobscot Bay.

THE RED JACKET

From New York she points to eastward with a crew
that's of the best,
Some days the wind is due sou'east, and some 'tis west
sou'west;
Sometimes she glides 'neath moon and sun or threat-
ening mackerel sky,
Then she pierces snow and rain and crests that break
mast high.

Roars Captain Asa Eldridge as the helmsman's arm
he gripped,
"In seven years of crossing this's the roughest sea I've
shipped;
Shake a leg all hands on board, pile on canvas all your
might,
We ain't lost a rope yarn yet and she's passed every
sail in sight!"

So on she flies, her white wings full till the lookout
sights a crag,
And channel boats she overhauls as if their anchors
drag;
"We've skun 'em all to Liverpool," yells the Captain
all agog,
"Just thirteen days, one hour, twenty-five minutes for
the crossing by her log."

There's a roaring cheer of welcome from the dock by
English tars,
As they greet the fastest clipper to fly the Stripes and
Stars;
And Rockland hearts are happy this bright January
day,
As they clasp the hand of George Thomas, who sent
her down the way.

OUR ISLAND TOWN

A palm to Rockland, builder, crew, for the record that
was born!

A laurel wreath on the boundless deep for the Red
Jacket that is gone;

And yet there are countless harbors to gain, and billows
to ride anew,

So we give our hopes, our prayers, our cheers, to The
Red Jacket that is new!

—Ethel Thomas Sezak,

Great-grand-niece of George Thomas

(Based on facts from the 1853-54 files of
The Courier-Gazette)

NORTH HAVEN

NORTH HAVEN

An emerald sea of blue,
And all about a lovely view,
An island in the ocean's arms,
Where Nature smiles, and cheers and charms —
North Haven.

From many hilltops on the isle,
One scans the ocean mile on mile,
And northward looking toward the land,
Majestic mountains proud and grand —
North Haven.

A refuge from the storms at sea,
When wild winds rage with savage glee,
The sailor lifting heart with prayer,
Seeks safety in thy Thoroughfare—
North Haven.

I love thy inlets, creeks and bay,
Where tides roll in and out each day,
Thy fields and farms, thy spruce and shore,
Delight me daily more and more —
North Haven.

Here sturdy men, and men of toil,
Their living wrest from sea and soil,
True men of Faith, whose vital creed
Bears fruits in kindly, Christlike deed —
North Haven.

— Rev. Henry F. Huse

OUR ISLAND TOWN

THE CLAM AND LOBSTER FACTORY

This plant was started about 1855 and was operated for a number of years by the Langleys. The oldest living resident here now doesn't remember this firm. The Factory property is now owned by the family of the late J. O. Brown. On this property were the main building now used for a boat shop, a box shop near by on the bank of the cove, and a large boarding-house for the non-resident workmen. There was also a small cow-barn on the place, and a small ice-house which was used for a blacksmith shop in more recent years. The factory office was a room about ten by twelve feet in one corner of the box shop. In this office were a desk, chair and safe.

Sometime during the 1860's the Langleys sold out to W. K. Lewis and Bros., a Portland concern that operated a corn canning factory in the town of South Waterboro, about twenty-eight miles from Portland. The factory here operated about one month in the spring and one month in the fall, closing before hard freezing. During the corn season, starting in late August and through September, some of the Island men went to the corn shop for work, returning in time for the fall pack of clams and lobsters. It is a well known fact that clams aren't as good during the warm months as they are during cold weather. It has always been claimed that they aren't fit for food during any month that doesn't have the letter "R" in the name.

All of the work in this factory was done by man power. About twenty people would be employed there during the period of a season pack, ten men and

THE CLAM AND LOBSTER FACTORY

eight or ten women. Sometimes it would be necessary to employ extra help when there was a large amount of clams on hand. There were always four can-makers, two of whom worked steadily, and during a rush all four would be busy. From time to time one or two of the can-makers would seal the filled cans. There was the boiler man, who was in charge of the boiler and retort and steam pump. There were three or four other men besides the foreman who did general work. An elderly man was usually employed as a box-maker. The women shucked and prepared the meats, filled and capped the cans.

Other than the inside crew there were the clam diggers. Two men went in a fourteen or fifteen foot dory, and always returned with a load. Anyone wishing to could always go clamming and sell to the factory.

All of the box material, tin, and other things necessary were brought from Portland by sailing vessel and landed at the factory wharf. The box material was all cut and fitted ready to be nailed together. The boxes would hold two dozen cans. The tin came in thin boxes and was quite heavy. A sheet of tin was about twelve by sixteen inches. The foreman would open up the tin and take a sheet by each end, shake and rattle it and place some in one pile and some in another. He evidently could tell by the sound it gave out as to the quality.

The can-makers would take the tin from one pile to make the cylinders of the can, and tin from the other would probably be used to make the end covers and caps. On a bench in the can-makers' room were a tin cutter and roller. The cutter was gauged to cut the tin the right width and length to make the can. This cutter was operated by a hand lever at one end. The

OUR ISLAND TOWN

tin after being cut would be put through the roller and slightly curved. The roller was operated by a hand crank like an old-fashioned clothes wringer. The can-makers always cut and rolled their own supply of tin. After the tin had been curved, it would then be placed on the drums and the ends would be soldered together, making the cylinder of the can.

There were two drums bolted to an iron frame on the bench. Over each drum was a parallel arm on which was bolted a piece of slate which came down on the can along the seam. This piece of slate served as a straight edge to guide the seaming copper along the seam to spread the solder.

The next step would be to put on the top cover. Each can-maker had at hand on the bench two tin dishes, one containing a wet sponge, the other ground rosin. The end would first be pressed on the sponge and then in the rosin; this was done on both ends of the can. The top cover was always put on first and a piece of solder put in and it was soldered by what was called the floating copper. The can would then be revolved slowly as the copper melted the solder. The bottom cover would then be put on and soldered in the same manner. The cans were then ready to be filled.

After filling they would be capped and sent to the sealer. In the center of the caps was a hole about as large as a twelve-penny nail would make, and the cap would be sealed by melted solder. In this method of sealing there was always the possibility of melted solder going into the can. This method of sealing hasn't been used for many years. After the cans had been sealed they would be put in a square perforated iron tray and put into the retort and heated up to a certain degree. After being under heat the required

THE CLAM AND LOBSTER FACTORY

length of time they would be taken to the bath. The bath was a tank of water under the floor, heated to about 100 degrees by a coil of steam pipe. The loaded tray would be lowered into the tank and kept there several minutes; any can floating to the surface would be taken out and condemned as it was a leaky can.

After being taken from the bath they would be hoisted to the room above where the cans would be painted with greenish paint that served as a rust preventer, then the labels would be put on and stuck with flour paste. The cans were then ready for shipment.

The can-makers heated their soldering irons in a small stove on the bench at which they worked; soft coal was used for fuel.

On a bench in this room were three dies which were used for cutting the end covers and caps. These dies were operated by a hand lever which was swung part way round, bringing the dies down on the tin. After all the covers possible had been cut, what remained was just a skeleton of a sheet, and looked exactly the same as a sheet of bread dough looks after the bread is cut out. On the bank of the cove near the box shop were piles of refuse tin and a miniature mountain of clam shells. The clam shells were later taken away to surface roads on private estates.

In the boiler room near the boiler was the retort. This retort looked like a huge safe and was used to steam the clams. About six bushels could be steamed at a cooking. After the clams had been put in, the door would be shut and tightly clamped and the steam turned on. They would be allowed to steam about five minutes. Some of the boys would make it a point to be on hand when the retort was opened, ready to grab a handful of the clams. They were then taken to

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the shucking-room, where they were put on a long table with a tray-like top. The women would stand around this table and do the shucking, putting the meats in tin pans. The heads would then be snipped by a pair of hand shears.

Forty-five years ago and more, the cove between the factory and the main street extended to a point opposite the Henry E. Calderwood residence, and there was just a foot-bridge between the factory and the F. H. Smith Store. A pipe was laid from the Forest Calderwood well, which was near the main street, across the cove to the factory. This was the last and best source of water supply that they had.

After the fall pack of 1897 the factory was permanently closed. This was due to the increasing cost of operation. The following spring a vessel took the equipment to Portland. After this was done the wharf was repaired and the building remodeled inside for a boat shop.

The boarding-house was a two-story building with a small ell on the north end. In the main part there were four rooms on the ground floor, five sleeping-rooms on the second floor, and one sleeping-room in the attic. In the ell there were two rooms, one below and one above. In 1898 the house was taken down and sold to the late Nelson Mullen of this town. At this time the factory building is used by Foy W. Brown of this town as a boat and machine shop.

— Lamar K. Lewis

THE MACKEREL SEINERS

THE MACKEREL SEINERS

During the decade from 1875 to 1885, mackerel fishing employed large numbers of North Haven's men, and accounted for a gross business of about \$100,000 a year.

Mackerel teemed in the Atlantic coastal waters, in the seventies and eighties, and then quite suddenly they all but disappeared. They have always practised the habit, later taken up by many humans, of spending the winter in the South and coming to the coast of Maine for the summer. Mackerel are still to be found along the continental shelf each year, but the great days are perhaps gone forever. No student of marine biology has ever explained why the great schools vanished, and yet none dares to predict that some day they may not return.

The fishing season included the seven months from April to November, and every spring a dozen or more schooners left the island and went "out South" to meet the north-bound mackerel somewhere off the Virginia Capes. The vessels were two-masters, large enough to carry an average crew of fourteen men. Some of them went from the Thoroughfare, some from Pulpit Harbor and others from Bartlett's Harbor.

The mackerel skippers were local sailors. Most of them owned a part of their vessels, but few of them were sole owners. Ownership was not on the basis of shares of stock but by fractional parts. The division was often, perhaps usually, carried to 64ths, and it was customary to speak of one person as owning 1/64th, or 3/64ths, or 5/32nds, or whatever his holdings might be.

When, as was sometimes true, a member of the fish-

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ing crew owned a "piece" of his vessel, he made money two ways: he got his share of the amount the vessel "stocked" for the season, and he received a good rate of interest on his investment. Although these fishermen made money, they never rolled up any fortunes; on the other hand, they were not poor. Most of them owned their homes, and brought up their families and lived their lives according to the generally accepted standards of the times.

The business of fitting the schooners out each spring with gear and supplies was profitable to local stores, and local carpenters, painters and riggers got the work to do.

These vessels were called seiners because the fish were caught with a seine. When the fleet neared the fishing grounds, lookouts posted aloft on each schooner began to scan the water and sniff the air for appropriate signs of fish. As soon as a school was sighted the crew in the seine boat began to circle it, or as much of it as was possible, by paying out the seine from the seine boat in a wide sweep. When the fish were safely enclosed in the twine, the seine had to be "pursed up" at the bottom to prevent the fish from diving below it and thus escaping.

From then on it was a matter of all hands and the cook standing on deck all day and night if necessary to split and salt the catch and pack it into barrels to prevent spoilage. The vessels did not carry ice, nor did they plan to sell much of their catch as fresh fish.

During seine boat operations the cook was always left on board to bring up the vessel after the fish were safely in the seine, or had got away as they sometimes did. A seine boat was a double-ended open boat about 40 feet long.

THE MACKEREL SEINERS

We may well wonder nowadays where on earth could a hundred thousand dollars' worth of salt mackerel be sold each year, but it could be sold and was. After the middle eighties, however, the business declined rapidly, and one by one the vessels of the mackerel fleet were sold. The last one left the island about 1890.

In 1882 the Rockland paper, later the Courier-Gazette, reported on the fishing business in this manner:

NORTH HAVEN MACKEREL FISHERY

The following report of the statistics of mackerel catching by North Haven vessels, is published:

Eleven vessels have landed this season 16,745 barrels of mackerel, stocking in the aggregate \$116,500., or an average of \$10,591. The following is a detailed statement:

Schooner Willie K. Parkman, 77 tons, Capt. William H. Banks, with a crew of fourteen men, landed 2,013 barrels, stocking \$14,500. The crew shares \$438. each.

Schooner Cora E. Smith, 49 tons, Capt. Joseph Crockett, with a crew of fourteen men, landed 1,846 barrels, stocking \$13,500. The crew shares \$413. each.

Schooner Bartie Pierce, 95 tons, Capt. Aaron Smith, with a crew of fifteen men, landed 1,800 barrels, stocking \$11,400. The crew shared \$330. each.

Schooner Sea Foam, 73 tons, Capt. Sanford Cooper, with a crew of fourteen men, landed 1,800 barrels, stocking \$11,400. The crew shared \$350. each.

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Schooner Alice C. Fox, 62 tons, Capt. James L. Crockett, with a crew of fifteen men, landed 1,500 barrels, stocking \$10,500. The crew shared \$300. each.

Schooner Oasis, 57 tons, Capt. Ruel R. Mills, with a crew of fourteen men, landed 1,500 barrels, stocking \$10,400. The crew shared \$285. each.

Schooner Roger Williams, 56 tons, Capt. Stephen S. Lewis, with a crew of twelve men, portion of the time thirteen, landed 1,400 barrels, stocking \$10,000. The crew shared \$303. each.

Schooner Lottie E. Hopkins, 49 tons, Capt. Emery Hopkins, with a crew of twelve men, landed 1,400 barrels, stocking \$9,500. The crew shared \$297. each. This vessel did not start until May 15.

Schooner Eben Dale, 58 tons, Capt. R. G. Babbidge, with a crew of thirteen men, landed 1,200 barrels, stocking \$9,500. The crew shared \$280. each.

Schooner Henry Nickerson, 74 tons, Capt. Franklin Thomas, with a crew of fourteen men, landed 1,086 barrels, stocking \$8,600. This vessel did not start until July 4th.

Schooner David Brown, Jr., 62 tons, Capt. Jerome B. Thomas, with a crew of thirteen men, landed 1,200 barrels, stocking \$7,000. The crew shared \$230. each. This vessel did not start until June 20.

The fishing season began April 1 and ended November 1.

Recapitulation		
Schooners	Amount caught	Whole stock
Willie K. Parkman	2,013 bbls.	\$14,500.

THE MACKEREL SEINERS

Cora E. Smith	1,846	“	13,500.
Bartie Pierce	1,800	“	11,600.
Sea Foam	1,800	“	11,400.
Alice C. Fox	1,500	“	10,500.
Oasis	1,500	“	10,400.
Roger Williams	1,400	“	10,000.
Lottie E. Hopkins	1,400	“	9,500.
Eben Dale	1,200	“	9,500.
Henry Nickerson	1,086	“	8,600.
David Brown, Jr.	1,200	“	7,000.

16,745 bbls.	\$116,500.
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— Marian E. Brown

OUR ISLAND TOWN

REMINISCENCES

In the year 1872 a young man was invited to spend the winter with the young people of North Haven as their teacher, and he is now telling of the changes that have taken place on the island since that date.

He found the young men fitting themselves through study and practice to become captains of fishing vessels and captains of ships, if the fishing business became unprofitable.

More than forty per cent of the young men of that time became captains of some kind of ship.

When the fishing business failed, some went West, some to New York, and others to Massachusetts or other business centres; here we find them still captains of ships or heads of some business or industry. They were fitted in this little town through hard work and study.

We want to mention the Ames, the Alexanders, Crocketts, Carvers, Dyers, Browns, Beverages, Woosters and many others whom space will not permit us to name. They started in a little town of less than one thousand inhabitants. They became leaders in business, in education, and in industry.

At the time the writer came here, property was valued so low that one hardly knew he had any.

There were no roads, several good farms, many boats, and a few fine fishing vessels. Some owned in vessels that hailed from Camden, Rockland, Boston and New York.

The population then was about nine hundred; the Thoroughfare and Pulpit Harbor were the business centres, and the West District and Little Thoroughfare

REMINISCENCES

the largest districts, one hundred and eighteen scholars at the former and eighty at the latter.

Since the writer has been here, all has been changed. The farms have been sold, the fishing business gone, the fishermen moved away. Pulpit Harbor is there, but her people are gone. The North Shore remains, but not one farmer is left there. The East and South shores are nearly abandoned. A little farming is done in the centre of the island. He does not attempt to tell the cause of the change, but he will prophesy that the town will never come back to the natives unless her young people catch the vision that they and they alone must fit themselves to be leaders.

Only by hard, honest labor, study, and high ideals can this be attained.

— C. S. Staples

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THE HISTORIC MULLIN HOUSE

Among the attractive inns and hotels on North Haven is the famous Havens Inn, formerly known as the Mullin House. It is safe to say that no other inn on coastal Maine can boast of more illustrious patronage.

August 15, 1873, was a very stormy day and as night approached the fury of the storm had not abated. Late that afternoon President Ulysses S. Grant and his party of twenty-six, consisting of a few of his official friends and many of his cabinet members, found refuge at the Mullin House.

After the supper had been served, the President entertained the company by giving them an account of the strategic battles fought in the Civil War. Beginning with his first engagement at Belmont in the autumn of '61, he took them through the scenes of Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing and Vicksburg. He continued with the mighty scenes of his struggles and triumphs, ending with the surrender of Robert E. Lee.

Imagine the interest of the islanders who were privileged to listen to such a narration coming from the lips of a man who had been the leader of one of the greatest armies the world had ever seen.

A half-burned cigar smoked by President Grant that night is a highly prized memento of the people of North Haven. Mr. Herman W. Crockett is the proud possessor of the register containing the signatures of the following men making up the official party:

President U. S. Grant

J. G. Blaine

Eugene Hale

THE HISTORIC MULLIN HOUSE

Isaac S. Bailey
O. E. Babcock, Brigadier Gen., U. S. A.
Lot M. Morrill
H. Hamlin
A. S. Washburn
S. Perham, Governor of Maine
J. H. Burleigh
Simon Cameron
Thomas W. Lay
John Neal
C. W. Goddard
H. S. Osgood
H. B. Brown
Ulysses Grant, Jr.
Wm. Calhan
W. G. Alden, Jr.
Walker Blaine
James P. Bacon
Stanley T. Pullen
Clarence Hale
Thomas B. Reed
W. T. Hildrup
Lewis B. Smith

Sixty years after President Grant left the island, the Amberjack II, bearing President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his party, sailed into Pulpit Harbor.

On July 23, 1933, the Amberjack II anchored in Cabots Cove.

That evening Mr. Herman Crockett, a North Haven resident, was permitted to go on board and was greeted with the usual cordial handshake from the President, who was much interested to hear the account of Grant's early visit and to see the register, which had been so carefully preserved since 1873. Later Mr. Roosevelt

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gladly signed his name with the others in the party as follows:

President, Franklin D. Roosevelt
Walter N. Vernon, Capt. U. S. A.
Stephen T. Early
Amyas Ames
George K. Briggs, Lt. U. S. N. R.
John Cutter

North Haven offers the quiet peace and solitude amid beautiful surroundings which attract the tired business man of today. Among these are the famous late Dwight W. Morrow, Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, trans-atlantic flier, Governor and Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall, Mrs. T. W. Lamont, and others too numerous to mention.

OLD CHURCH DAYS

OLD CHURCH DAYS

Sometimes we like to turn back the pages of our lives and see what we find recorded in them, in the days of long ago. As someone has said, in the "Horse and buggy days," and in memory I can see the old Church as it was in those days, with its box pews. I can just remember when it was made over, some seventy years ago. We still find some of the old panels of the pews in town; the old box pews that we children were shut up in. I am informed that one such church, if not more, is still standing in the State.

As I think of the people who attended Church in the days of my childhood, all are gone, most of them many years ago, but as I remember them and the sacrifices they made for the Church they loved, I can but think that such as they helped to make North Haven a good place to live in now.

Samuel Brown is one of the first deacons I can remember, and well I remember him, as he took charge of the meetings many, many times. While he was not a brilliant speaker, you knew that what he said came from the heart of the man. Then came Deacon Samuel Y. Crockett, and well I remember him too, as he led the meetings. He was a good speaker and a fine tenor singer. With him were Deacon Hanson T. Carver, and Deacon Albert G. Beverage, my father. Deacon Hanson T. Carver took charge of many of the funerals as a speaker, and very few preachers could speak more comforting words than Deacon Carver. Of Deacon Albert G. Beverage, being my father he was of course to me the deacon.

OUR ISLAND TOWN

Of the members I can speak of but a few here. Benjamin Ames was one of the members who could make a prayer that all could hear without ear-trumpets. I wish we had more who could pray like Mr. Ames, as though they meant it. He did not have to memorize his prayers and repeat them.

I will speak of a few members and non-members that used to attend in those days: John G. Brown and wife, Levi Wooster and wife, Oliver Brown and wife, Hanford Beverage and wife, Alvin Beverage and wife, James G. Verrill and wife, Ezra Annis and wife, J. T. Coombs and wife, James Wooster and wife, Ira Webster and wife, John T. Brown and wife, Benjamin Beverage and wife, John W. Beverage and wife, John Mullin and wife, Winthrop O. Waterman and wife, John Waterman and wife, Cyrus Carver and wife, Henry L. Smith and wife; and many men who came without their wives, as their wives had to stay at home to care for little children.

In those days you did not have to go to market Saturday night to get your Sunday dinner. I think about every family in town had baked beans and brown bread for dinner.

There are many more names not mentioned, of families that attended Church, but space does not permit me to write more at this time.

— Frank Beverage



WATER FRONT

NORTH HAVEN FIFTY YEARS AGO

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NORTH HAVEN FIFTY YEARS AGO

It is said that more changes have taken place in the past fifty years in our way of living than took place in all the years since civilization began. Those of us who can look back over the past fifty years, especially those who have known North Haven, are quite aware that many changes have taken place, some of which I will relate.

The only means of transportation to the mainland was by the schooner packet "Greyhound." She was a two-masted freight schooner typical of her time, of wide beam and flat bottom adequate for the freight and passenger service. Willard Mills was the captain—a stocky built man with whiskers—very genial, knew everyone in North Haven and served them well.

Two and sometimes three trips a week were made to and from Rockland, weather permitting. For a number of years Captain Seth Dyer alternated with Captain Mills in a schooner named the "Little Fred," but only through the summer months, and not until enough summer people had come to the island so that the mail contract was increased.

Dr. Charles G. Weld, who had built a summer home on Iron Point, saw the need of better transportation. He had a steamboat built, named the "Sylvia," and for a number of years she ran daily trips to Rockland. Later the Rockland and Vinalhaven Steamboat Company established a route to Vinalhaven, North Haven, Stonington, and Swans Island, which is still maintained. Some agreement was reached with Dr. Weld, and the

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“Sylvia” was taken off the route and sold to a Boston party.

Fifty years ago it was a problem to maintain good town roads for an island town the size of North Haven. There were no industries on which to levy taxes, and the village property was small—the Thoroughfare village began at the George Lewis farm on the east and extended on the main street west and north as far as the grammar schoolhouse, with not more than half the houses that are erected at the present writing. Therefore, the main taxable property was in farm land. The farm vote was in the majority and naturally the farmers were not inclined to vote a large appropriation for the maintenance of town roads and thus burden themselves with heavy taxes; consequently the town roads were not too passable in the spring and fall months of the year, and in an open winter hardly passable at all.

The first road commissioner of my early recollection was a man by the name of Matthew Leadbetter, who was a farmer and owned a farm at Crabtree Point, which he later sold to Lewis Herzog. It was his job to build the roads with a road machine—a four-wheeled contraption with a movable steel plough which was manipulated by two wheels from the top above a standing platform. The machine was pulled about at first by three pair of oxen, and later by three pair of horses and a driver—a red-faced, stocky-built man who for years came to the island from Union.

Mr. Leadbetter’s theory of road building was to get the team and the machine into the ditch as far as possible in order to pull the sod up on top of the road, thus building it barrelled shape. The idea was to get the road rounded so that it would shed water. This worked very well in sandy soil, but with clay soil the

NORTH HAVEN FIFTY YEARS AGO

rains soaked into the road as much as they ran off. However, it was necessary to carry this idea of road building along from year to year in order to make the roads passable at all.

At a later date, Samuel Crockett, who was elected road commissioner, began a new way of road building. He had rock and gravel hauled from the Crabtree estate and spread on top and on the sides of the road which gave it a hard and firm surface, building up the clay soil and thus shedding the water, making the roads more passable the year round than at any time since my early recollections.

The common schools comprised five districts: the Thoroughfare and Little Thoroughfare, West District, Pulpit Harbor, and the North East District. Each district was about equally divided in the number of pupils, and was taught by one teacher. The age of the pupils ranged from the beginners, at the age of six, to the older ones who were often twenty years old or more.

All the schoolhouses were about the same size, and the plan of the building was a one-story structure, typical of those now in use in the rural sections of New England. The original schoolhouse at the village was not as large as the present one and was located on the same lot, only nearer the town road. It was heated by a box-shaped stove long enough to take cordwood cut in four-foot length. The stovepipe extended nearly the length of the room to the chimney at the rear of the building.

The task of building fires and sweeping was taken care of by the older pupils, from a list of names which the teacher had prepared at the beginning of the term of school. Building the fire was no easy task, especially in the winter months. The wood was piled out of

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doors, and became wet with the fall rains and winter snow, which made it very difficult to ignite. We were indeed fortunate on a cold day to have the room comfortably heated, especially for the pupils in the back seats, by mid-forenoon.

The floor was laid with soft wood, and by sweeping with a corn broom, the dust was raised so thick that, by the time the floor was half swept, one could hardly see across the room. The seats and desks were constructed of soft pine wood, and on them were carved the initials, and on many of them the full names of the present and past pupils.

Every Friday afternoon a spelling contest took place in which the teacher would choose two captains who in turn chose alternately the names of the pupils whom they wished to represent the teams. It was indeed a thrilling moment, to sit anxiously waiting for one's name to be called so that he might stand next to the captain.

The water supply came from Mr. Eben Brown's well across the road, and a ten-quart pail and dipper were provided. Often the pail was lost in the well which necessitated the aid of some older person to fish it out with an eel spear.

The course of study was the same in all the district schools, a complete study of the three R's. The arithmetic began with numbers, and ended with square and cube root. Usually the brighter pupils would complete the arithmetic course at the age of sixteen. However, if they had no work in the winter months, it was a common practice for boys and girls to attend school until they were twenty years of age or older.

Before the present High School building was erected, there was for a number of years a so-called "Free High

NORTH HAVEN FIFTY YEARS AGO

School." More advanced subjects were taught, including Algebra, Rhetoric, Botany and Physics. Mr. Fremont Beverage, a farmer and a graduate of the Castine Normal School, was the teacher. He was a fine teacher and a good disciplinarian. The school was held in the building now known as Crockett's Hall, in the upper story at first, and later on the first floor, with a partition constructed across the center of the building so as to accommodate about fifty pupils.

This was the school system of North Haven previous to the Grade Schools and the High School at the present writing.

In the early life of North Haven, it was mainly a farming and fishing town. The villages of Bartlett's Harbor, Pulpit Harbor and Little Thoroughfare were each larger than the village at the Thoroughfare.

The Bank fishing industry was carried on by the Thomases at Bartlett's Harbor, the Fryes at Pulpit Harbor, the Coopers at Little Thoroughfare, and Lewis McDonald at the Thoroughfare. Large schooners were owned in part by these men, as well as by other people of the town. In the month of March these vessels would sail to the Banks, manned by a crew of twenty or more men, to fish for cod by handline from the rail of the vessels. Each day's catch of fish was split and salted down in the hold of the vessels until they were loaded. They would then return home to have the catch unloaded and dried on flakes made of laths.

As a rule only one trip was made to the Banks. A second trip was made in July or August to the Nova Scotia for a catch of mackerel, which was called "jigging." On the return from this trip the mackerel, salted in barrels, as well as the dried salt fish, were taken for sale to Boston or New York.

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In the late 1870's the Bank fishing gave way to a fleet of mackerel schooners of a more modern type. The fish were caught by the use of a seine which was thrown around the school from a seine boat. As soon as the catch was made they were bailed on the deck of the vessel and she was headed for Boston or New York, where the fish were sold fresh. This kind of fishing was more remunerative than the salt and dried fishing industries while it lasted, but it lasted for a period of only about ten years. The vessels were sold at a great loss to the owners.

With the passing of this industry, North Haven was confronted with a rather serious problem. Many of the fishermen turned to small boat fishing, and others to farming, while a considerable number left the island and found employment elsewhere.

During this period of transition, it was fortunate for the town that a party, comprised of Dr. Charles G. Weld, Tucker Daland, and Francis W. Chandler, who were yachting along the Maine coast, one day dropped anchor in the Thoroughfare. They were attracted by the natural beauty of the place, and each of them purchased a lot of land, on which they built summer cottages which were to be their summer homes as long as they lived.

This was the beginning of the summer business, which has been steady and consistent up to the present writing. Each summer the island folk could count on the coming of the Welds, the Gastons, the Chandlers, the Dalands, the Reynolds, the Saltonstalls, the Hardings, the Jacksons, and many others.

With the growth of the summer business, new demands were made on the merchants for supplies. C. S. Staples, who was in trade in a small store now occupied

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by Phillip Brown as a home, erected the store now run by W. S. Hopkins. It was a general store in every sense of the word, and as the saying goes, it was stocked with everything from "pins to anchors." F. H. Smith owned and managed the store which is occupied by C. E. Waterman at the present time, and he also carried on a large general supply business. W. S. Hopkins bought the stock and trade from Mr. Smith and managed the business until he bought the stock and store from Mr. Staples which he now owns and runs. Lewis McDonald managed a small grocery business in the building now occupied by the post-office. There were two general stores at Pulpit Harbor, one owned and run by Hanford Beverage and the other by Roscoe Babbidge.

The "Mullin House," owned and managed by Nelson Mullin, which began in a small way to lodge and meal the summer guests, felt the increase in the summer trade, and was enlarged to the present building, which was named the "Havens Inn" when the management was taken over by the present manager, Herman Crockett.

Charles E. Mills, a former resident of the town, returned from Boston and purchased the property now owned by Phillip Brown, and carried on a fresh fish business for over twenty years.

Perhaps no place on the Maine coast is more suitable for small boat sailing than Zion Bay, and the inland waters of the Thoroughfare. The summer people were soon to recognize this, and shortly there was a demand for sailboats, the dinghy, the catboat, and the knock-about types.

James O. Brown, a boat builder for the island trade, occupied a small shop, which is now in use for the

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winter storage of boats. He was a skilled workman and was just the man to meet this new industry. He soon found that his shop was inadequate and moved to the present building, now occupied by his son, Foy, where new machinery was installed, and a runway built adequate for the building of larger sloops and yachts.

Almost every winter one or more summer cottages were erected, and North Haven had the man for that work—Henry E. Calderwood, who had been the resident home builder for many years. The summer people were quick to recognize his ability, and his honest way of doing business, and for many years Mr. Calderwood was the contractor and builder of many summer cottages which stand as a memorial to his ability and genius. In his declining years, Owen D. Lermond took over the contract work, and with his son has been the principal contractor and builder. The Thomas Lamont and Dwight Morrow cottages stand as memorials to his genius and ability. Henry T. Duncan has been a contractor and builder of homes for residents, as well as for the summer people, for over a period of fifty years.

The growth of the summer business has seen many improvements in North Haven in the past fifty years. The steamboat wharf was enlarged and the present freight shed erected. A new church, library, casino, and swimming pool, and the golf course followed. There is every convenience in the village which one finds in the city—the telephone, the electric lights, the water and sewerage systems. With the radio one may feel that he is no longer apart from the outside world, living on an isolated island miles from the mainland, but rather a part of the happenings all over the world.

In comparison, I wonder if the present generation realize how fortunate they are to have so many con-

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veniences which the older generations did not have. Can they imagine walking in the roads and lanes with a lantern after dark, finding their way along about town—no daily papers with perhaps only one or two mails a week—no telephone connections with the mainland—no water supply except from cisterns and surface wells—no plumbing system in the homes—roads that were almost impassable several months of the year—schools poorly heated and with no sanitary conveniences, with no curriculum for a higher education—no library and no church at the village.

Yes, the North Haven of today is indeed a town made over from the North Haven which those who are fifty years of age or over knew when they were boys and girls.

I am sure that this progress would not have been made if it had not been for the confidence and trust which the resident and non-resident people had in one another from the very beginning of the summer business. Through all the years, the summer colony has maintained a loyalty for the place and for the people which is highly commendable. It seems to me that the resident people should also be commended for this trust which others have seen in them, not only from the economic standpoint, but from the standpoint of the social and moral life of the island.

Generally speaking, the early pioneer people of the town handed down to the succeeding generations a splendid heritage of courage, honesty, and a spirit of hard work, which has not only been recognized in those who have made the island their place of work, but as well in those who have gone elsewhere to make their way in life.

One would expect to find in a town the size of North

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Haven, separated from the mainland by twelve miles of water, a rather provincial people. Naturally over a period of four or five generations, there have been and are now men and women of independent character and conviction. Some of them might be termed "town characters," using that term in a broad sense, which classifies them as different from the conventional people whom one meets in city life. Necessity compels one to be more conventional in the city in order to make a "go" of things. In the town life, one can be more independent because he is next to the sea and the soil, free to exercise his thought and action in making a living. One knows less about the "give and take" of life with his fellow men, and more about the "give and take" with the elements. The out-growth of a man who has lived in the open is bound to have stamped upon his character that "something" which makes him interesting and entertaining.

Before the days of the automobile, the summer people were accustomed to ride "around the island" with horse and buggy, or else with a party of four, with horse and surrey. Mr. Staples and Mr. Smith, and later Mr. Hopkins, had a livery stable in conjunction with their grocery business, to accommodate these parties for driving purposes.

Sometimes a party would ask for a driver, and it so happened one day that a town character was the driver of a summer party on a drive "around the island." One of the party remarked to the driver that "North Haven must be populated with many very old people, since almost everyone we have passed is very, very old." The driver replied that the island did have many very old people. About that time they passed a cemetery, and someone in the party remarked, "I see you have

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cemeteries here on the island.” “Yes,” replied the driver, “we had to kill a man to start this one.”

There are places in North Haven, and more particularly on the north of Vinalhaven, which many term as isolated farm places. To the urban dweller they may seem isolated, but to those who live there they are anything but isolated because there is much to be done.

On one of these so-called “isolated places,” one of the “town characters” lived. It is told of him that he was very original with witty remarks and retorts. The story goes that a book salesman called at his home one morning, and with the usual “Good morning” remarked, “You live in rather a lonely faraway place, Mister.” The owner replied that it was rather faraway. “As a matter of fact,” he added, “my daughter was forty years old yesterday, and I am the only white man she has ever seen.”

A story is told about this same man, who was watching some men who had lost a motorboat propeller in the mud, and were debating the best way to get it. One of the party remarked,

“If we had an eel spear we could fish it out of the mud, but I doubt if there is an eel spear in North Haven.”

“You haven’t an eel spear in North Haven!” said the town character. “It seems to me you should have an eel spear if you haven’t one.” Then he went on to relate the many things one could do with an eel spear. “Why, you can fish tin pails out of the well, catch eels and flounders to keep the family from starving. If someone should say to me, ‘Would you rather have an eel spear or a horse?’ I would take the eel spear every time.”

It sometimes happened that a farmer boy would turn

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to the sea to make a living. On his return home from sea trips, it would be his delight to use nautical terms in reply to those who were doing the chores about the place—such as, “Drive the cow into the barnyard and I will dock her,” or “Haul in the main sheet,” when the reins were loose over the dashboard.

The story goes that one of these young men had returned from a trip to sea, and with some other town boys, they had been imbibing a bit—perhaps they had tapped the hard cider barrel. At any rate, one of the party remarked that the sailor boy was “about the plainest looking man” he had ever seen.

“Well,” says the boy from the sea, “I have always worked hard and have never dressed up in all my life—always wore a colored shirt. If I do say so, take and dress me up and put a white collar on me, and I am just as good looking a man as there is in North Haven!”

—Harold M. Crockett
Wollaston, Mass.
April 30, 1940

THE J. O. BROWN BOATBUILDING BUSINESS

THE J. O. BROWN BOATBUILDING BUSINESS

In writing a brief sketch on the boatbuilding business started by J. O. Brown, I feel a word of explanation is necessary.

When I said I would attempt this, I expected to rely on my brother for the greater part of the information. I had gathered from him only a few essential facts at the time of his death, and not even being in North Haven as I write this, it has been extremely difficult to get the material together. My nephew, James E. Brown, has obtained considerable data for me, and I wish to thank Emery H. Wooster, who was in the employ of my father for several years, and whose excellent memory has assisted greatly; also Zenas C. Burgess; and Lamar Lewis, shortly before his death, gave me some dates and fact which his retentive memory had stored.

I have tried to do the best I could with the information I have been able to gather, but I have not attempted to give a complete list of boats built, and if there are some slight errors in dates, I trust my readers will understand.

The J. O. Brown & Son boatbuilding business was started by J. O. Brown in the year 1888. At that time there were four summer families coming to North Haven—those of Dr. C. G. Weld, Mr. J. Murray Howe, Mr. F. W. Chandler and Mr. Tucker Daland. James O. Brown was then a young man in his early twenties, and feeling certain, after spending a day working in the Vinalhaven granite quarries, that this work was not his calling, he decided at the suggestion of Dr. Charles

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G. Weld to start a boatbuilding venture, having had some slight experience in this line and being inclined toward this kind of work.

At the beginning, he rented the old McDonald fish house and wharf, which was located at the dock east of what is now Mrs. J. P. Reynolds' cottage, where he built several small boats. One of the first classes of boats to be built here, and I am told one of the oldest classes still in existence, is the North Haven sailing dinghy, designed by Dr. Charles G. Weld and built by J. O. Brown. The first four dinghies built were not equipped with air tanks. The first one of regulation requirements in every way was the "Elfin." This boat is in use at North Haven at the present time, by Dr. P. D. Lamson. Nearly seventy of these boats were built by the J. O. Brown boat shop, and there are about sixty being used now around North Haven.

The next class of boats that came along was a class of catboats—among them being the "Lily Maud," "Amey," "Hannah," "Lizzie," and "Thea."

In 1894 a class of knockabouts designed by Dr. Charles G. Weld came upon the scene. These had a 21-foot waterline, having a 3,500 lb. lead keel. This keel was run in a mould in the boat shop. The first one of these, and one of the best sailers of the entire fleet, was the "Scorpion." This boat was built by J. O. Brown in Dr. Weld's shop at Iron Point.

About the year 1895 the McDonald fish house, which was being used as the boat shop, burned. Several small boats were stored in this building at the time, but they were all saved. A boat shop was then built below J. O. Brown's residence. In this shop he installed a circular saw which was run by a foot treadle and turned with a crank. Next a small boiler was installed. In

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this shop were built dinghies, rowboats, and several of the knockabouts, among which were the "Possum," "Lynx," "Dovekie," and "Harlequin." The "Possum" was double planked, which at that time was looked upon as an outstanding feature, as very few boat builders had started double planking. I believe the "Possum" is still sailing these waters, or was a short time ago.

The "Daydream II" was designed by B. B. Crowninshield and was sold to a summer resident at Islesboro. This boat returned to the J. O. Brown boatyard many seasons for storage and commissioning.

By the autumn of 1897 the business had grown to such proportions that Dr. Weld recognized the necessity of a larger boat shop. At this time the canning factory at North Haven, which had been operating for many years, closed its doors and was offered for sale. In the spring of 1898 the equipment of the factory was removed and taken to Portland. The location being ideal and the building of the right type for a boat shop, after repairing the wharf and making some necessary alterations, Dr. Weld purchased it and equipped it with machinery from a shop of his own in Massachusetts, including a 15 h. p. steam engine and a 30 h. p. boiler. The "Columbine," the last of the class of knockabouts before mentioned, was one of the first boats to be built in this new location.

The following is quoted from a local newspaper dated May, 1901: "J. O. Brown has sixteen men in his employ and is working on quite a number of racing boats." Many of such racing boats, too numerous to mention, were built in this shop, and every winter there were from one to five boats under construction.

About 1902 or 1903 it was decided a new class of

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catboats was needed, and Dr. Weld designed a different type of catboat. These were 17 feet long, had a snub-nosed bow, with a square stern, decked over except for an open cockpit, and carried 750 pounds of lead ballast. The late Dr. Henry Jackson was the last summer resident to own one of these catboats. Eighteen of these boats were built in the winter of 1902 and 1903.

About 1902 the gasoline engine became practical, and the first boat of this kind to be built by J. O. Brown was one for Mr. Tucker Daland—a 14-foot power boat with a 1½ h. p. motor. This boat is still owned by Mr. Daland and has been used by him in recent years. It is interesting to contrast this motor with the 150-180 h. p. motors now being taken care of in the boat shop.

Between 1903 and 1926 various kinds of boats were built. Motor boats, including several fishermen's dories and dinghies, were predominant.

In the autumn of 1926, J. O. Brown took his son Foy into partnership, and the name was changed to "J. O. Brown & Son." After the death of J. O. Brown in August, 1927, the business was carried on by Foy Brown in a very capable manner. He continued building sail and power boats, installing engines, hauling out, repairing and putting in commission the various boats placed in his care. At the time of his death, in December 1940, there were about 70 boats stored in this boat yard.

The last and one of the finest boats to be built by Foy Brown was the "J. O."—a 42-foot boat equipped with a 100 h. p. Superior Diesel engine. This boat is used to carry passengers between North Haven, Rockland and other points along the Penobscot Bay Coast,

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and remains as a fitting memorial to both Foy and his father.

A partial list of boats built by J. O. Brown, and J. O. Brown & Son. The dinghies are not listed.

- From 1888-95 Built dinghies, rowboats, several of the first class of catboats, including "Lily Maud," "Amey," "Hannah," "Lizzie" and "Thea."
- From 1893-01 Class of knockabouts, including "Scorpion," "Possum," "Lynx," "Dovekie," "Harlequin" and "Columbine."
- About 1898 Built 35-ft. sloop for Rufus Arey of Vinalhaven.
- " 1900 Built "Christine" for Mr. H. W. Chaplin.
- " 1902 First motor boat, 14-ft. 3-in. long, built for Mr. Tucker Daland
- " 1902-3 Eighteen catboats, 16-ft. long.
- " 1903 Built motor boat similar to Mr. Daland's for Mr. Henry Wheeler.
- " 1903 Built fisherman's motor dory for Mr. W. F. Brown.
- " 1904 Motor boat still being used by Arthur Hopkins for a ferry-boat.
- " 1906 Built 20-ft. motor boat "Cupid" for J. O. Brown.
- " 1906 26-ft. boat "Pagutu" for Mr. W. W. Dodge.
- " 1906 Motor boat for Mr. Vaughan.
- " 1907 Motor boat "Doris" for J. O. Brown; also five fishermen's dories.
- " 1908 20-ft. motor boat "Sarah" for J. O. Brown; also four Sea Fleas.

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- “ 1909 22-ft. motor launch “Nina” for J. O. Brown.
- “ 1910 Two motor boats similar to “Nina,” for Mr. Vinal Hopkins and Mr. O. D. Lermond.
- “ 1911 18-ft. motor boat “Nan” for J. O. Brown.
- “ 1911 Motor boat “Comet” for Mr. Philip Reynolds.
- “ 1912 Motor boat “Christine D.” for Mr. James Raymond; also motor boat “Swan” for Mr. Orrin Ames.
- “ 1912 Launch “Thor,” 27-ft. 6-in. long, for J. O. Brown.
- “ 1913 Speed boat for Foy Brown
- “ 1923 30-ft. motor boat for Clyde Ames.
- “ 1935 Scow for Mrs. C. G. Weld; 40-ft. 4-in long, 13-ft. 8-in. wide, depth 5-ft.
- “ 1936 32-ft. launch for H. O. Grant.
- “ 1938-9 “J. O.,” 42-ft. long, 11-ft. wide, draught 3-ft. 6 in.

— Vonie E. Brown

February 21, 1941.

BOAT AND YACHT BUILDING

BOAT AND YACHT BUILDING

The only sizeable manufacturing industry ever centered at Pulpit Harbor was the boat building shop owned and managed by Charles F. Brown, a native son.

He started in 1890 building small craft such as row-boats, skiffs, peapods and double-enders, and during the period of about twenty years that the shop was in operation, he ran up a business that included fishing smacks, racing sloops, cruising yachts, knockabout racers, motor boats large and small, and schooner yachts; practically every kind of craft except canoes and steamboats.

Mr. Brown built his first boats in a large shed situated directly at the back of his home on a point of land jutting into the Mill Stream above the stone bridge. His first large boat was a fishing sloop from his own design, constructed by himself with the help of one or two men. This was undertaken as a venture, but was sold before it was completed to Isaac Leadbetter. Christened "Viking," the boat proved to be sturdy, speedy and smart in appearance to the critical eyes of local sailors. On the basis of her success, orders came in the same year for similar sloops from three Deer Isle fishermen, William Hatch, John Gross and Emery Buckminster.

Having been in and out of boats from babyhood, and having been master of his own sailboat at the age of nine, it was perhaps only natural that Charles Brown should have definite ideas on what qualities a good boat should possess. This knowledge, coupled with a certain talent for design, developed into the ability

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to build moderate sized sailboats that were beautiful, swift, and comparatively safe. His work early attracted the attention of the summer visitors, who began coming to North Haven in the nineties, and it was not long before he was receiving orders for pleasure yachts. For Tucker Daland of Boston, one of the original summer residents, he designed and built a boat named "Coon," and for George W. Wheelwright of Boston a larger yacht, "Menelek." This boat was designed by Dr. Charles G. Weld, another Bostonian and pioneer summer resident whose influence extended into many phases of the town's development as a summer resort.

The growing business and the difficulties encountered in launching large boats from his back yard shop led Mr. Brown to build a new and larger shop on the extreme southern end of his point of land. This shop had a depressed central floor section with permanent launching ways, and was so close to the water that high tides lapped the lower end of the floor. He also built a wharf to which boats could be tied up for convenience in rigging and outfitting.

In the beginning all work was done by hand with ordinary carpenter's tools. The first "power" machine used was a band saw which was operated by foot power in somewhat the same manner as a grindstone. This was an improvement over hand sawing in both speed and ease, but it wasn't good enough. In order to provide sufficient equipment for his business Mr. Brown installed a stationary gasoline engine, the first one used in town, which furnished power to operate saws and planers and other machinery.

In those days (about 1898) there were no laws requiring mufflers on motors; very likely mufflers had not

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been invented. At any rate, the shop engine's rhythmic explosions filled the air in the neighborhood, and it took two or three years for local horses to become sufficiently accustomed to the sound so that they would not bolt when going past.

About the turn of the century, the summer colony at Dark Harbor, Islesboro, was at its heyday, and boat racing was enjoying a vogue among the prep-school-and-college-age sons of the cottage owners. Many of the boats were designed by B. B. Crowninshield, well-known naval architect of Boston, and many of them were built at the Brown boat shop at Pulpit Harbor.

They were not large, being mostly of two classes: 15-foot waterline and 21-foot waterline, which made them respectively about 25 feet and 31 feet overall, and they hadn't much in the way of cabin furnishings. But they were expensive. They were streamlined before streamlining was ever heard of, and they were very smooth craft—literally. Some of them were planked with mahogany, and they were planed, sandpapered and varnished to the utmost in order to cut down all possible water resistance when racing. They were catboat and knockabout rigged with fin-keels of lead.

There was competition among designers also. Norman L. Skene of Boston and W. Starling Burgess were other marine architects from whose plans the Pulpit Harbor shop turned out racers.

For some of the older men of the Dark Harbor colony, Mr. Brown built from his own designs large and better fitted cruising yachts. Among them were "Coot," 45 feet overall, and "Loon," 52 feet, for Dr. Frederick C. Shattuck of Boston; "Scout," 36 feet; "Hostess," 40 feet, and "Siesta," 40 feet, for J. Murray Forbes of Milton, Mass.; and a 48-footer for Horace

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Morse of New York. Several of these boats were equipped with marine engines as auxiliary power to their sails. The marine motor had recently been perfected and was coming into fairly common use, but men still preferred the thrill of "carrying sail" when there was sufficient breeze to make it possible.

The largest yacht ever built at this shop was the schooner "Black Hawk," 61 feet overall, for Charles E. Gibson of Boston. She was flagship of the Boston Yacht Club, but was wrecked off Cape Henry in a gale.

These boats were turned over to their owners complete in all details from keel to silken curtains at the stateroom windows. Everything was done at the shop except for the making of mattresses and upholstery. Lead keels were run in molds made by the regular workmen; hulls were timbered, planked and smoothed; cabins, staterooms and galleys were built and outfitted; frequently the cabin finish was mahogany paneling, sometimes of teak or other luxury wood; plumbing was installed; engines, if any, were set in place and connections made to propeller and gas tanks; spars and sails were made on the premises; and all rigging was complete. When the boats were taken "through the bridge," they were ready for sea.

At that time the bridge had a so-called draw, which merely meant that the planking and stringers over the middle portion were not fastened permanently in place. Opening the draw simply required that a crew of men be assembled to pick up these timbers one by one and remove them long enough for a boat to pass through. Traffic was held up, of course, but there was not much traffic and nobody minded greatly.

A steam boiler supplied heat for the boat shop and also furnished live steam for the box in which timbers

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were heated. "Timbers" to a boat builder mean "ribs" to other persons; that is, the carefully shaped sticks which form the main part of a boat's skeleton and give contour to the hull. These sticks were of straight grained oak, and specifications usually required that they be "steamed and bent." They were put into a long and narrow box, sealed at the ends, and live steam was turned into the box until the timbers became thoroughly saturated and pliable. They were then taken out and bent over forms previously prepared, clamped in place and left to cool. When cold, they would retain the shape of the forms forever, and were much stronger than sawed frames.

The boat shop had no electric lights as there were none in town. Consequently the length of the working day was somewhat dependent on the season and the weather. The average was seven or eight hours in fall and winter and nine or ten hours in the spring. Summer was the slack season, as all boats were in commission and new jobs were not contracted for until after the close of the summer boating period.

An important sideline of the business was hauling out and storing boats for the winter, and re-finishing and re-fitting them for service in the spring.

It often happened that the owner or the architect on a building job, or both, would make one or more trips to the island during the winter to see how the new boat was shaping up, and spend a day or two in town. Sometimes these guests were entertained in the Brown home and sometimes at the village hotel.

When the nation became automobile-minded, sail-boat racing and cruising went into eclipse. Those who still wanted boats, wanted motor boats, and emphasis shifted from beauty in hull design to increased power

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and interior refinements. Among the larger motor boats built by Mr. Brown were "Imp I" for himself; "Washishima," 65 feet over all, for Frank Smith, and "Totem," 50 feet, for Richard Hammond, both residents of Worcester, Mass., and summer home owners at Eagle, Maine.

The boat shop was burned in 1906 and was never rebuilt.

Mr. Brown then turned to farming, as he had long desired to do, and bought the Freeman Leadbetter farm which surrounded his own houselot. He carried on intensive agriculture for several years, until he sold the land to Thomas W. Lamont of New York and became superintendent of his estate. Ill health forced his retirement in 1939, after nearly twenty years in that position.

Among local men who had employment in the boat shop over a period of years were Alton Whitmore, Russell Whitmore, Harry Whitmore, Augustine Whitmore, Ben Carver, Augustus Carver, Ned Dyer, Charles Parsons, Ed Cooper, Ross Cooper, Billy Cooper, Elisha Thayer, Jack Raynes, Walter Quinn, Willis Wither-
spoon, Irving Grant.

For members of the Lamont family Mr. Brown built numerous small motor boats, among them "Ellie" and "Eleanora"; for himself in later years, "Imp II" and "Tarratine II." The last boat ever built by him was "Drogeo," a forty-foot motor cruiser, owned by his son, Robert, of Red Bank, New Jersey.

The following partial list of his boats was furnished by Mr. Brown from memory:

BOAT AND YACHT BUILDING

Name	Type	Length overall	Owner
Viking	Fishing sloop	33 ft.	Isaac Leadbetter, North Haven
Now Then	Fishing sloop	36 ft.	John Gross, Deer Isle
Viola May	Fishing sloop	32 ft.	William Hatch, Deer Isle
- - -	Fishing sloop	32 ft.	Emery Buckminster, Deer Isle
Coon	Pleasure boat	25 ft.	Tucker Daland, Boston
Menelek	Sloop yacht	40 ft.	George W. Wheelwright, Boston
Arbeka	Racing boat	32 ft.	Arthur Dupee, Boston
- - -	Racing boat	32 ft.	James Lawrence, Boston
Mist	Knockabout, 21	ft. w. l.	George Shattuck, Boston (joint
Loafer	Knockabout, 21	ft. w. l.	Harry Shattuck, Boston owners)
Two boats	each 15 ft. w. l.		J. Murray Forbes, Milton, Mass.
Oreana	Yacht	50 ft.	George Silsbee, Boston
Comfy	Racing boat	25 ft.	Dr. Leighton Parks, Boston
- - -	Yawl	40 ft.	H. J. Bradish, New York
- - -	Racing boat	32 ft.	W. Seward Webb, New York
Bandersnatch	Sloop yacht	48 ft.	H. T. Coffinberry, Cleveland, Ohio
Winnebago	Schooner yacht	50 ft.	Charles E. Gibson, Boston
Theresa			E. L. Davis, Beverly Farms, Mass.
Coot	Sloop yacht	45 ft.	Dr. F. C. Shattuck, Boston
Loon	Schooner yacht	52 ft.	Dr. F. C. Shattuck, Boston
Thetis	Racing boat	33 ft.	Dr. Leighton Parks, Boston
Gull	Knockabout	32 ft.	Bancroft Davis, Boston
Crow	Knockabout	32 ft.	Bancroft Davis, Boston
- - -	Racing sloop	36 ft.	Charles F. Ames, Rochester, N. Y.
Two lobster smacks		35 ft.	Miller Colby, Deer Isle

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Scout	Sloop yacht	36 ft.	J. Murray Forbes, Milton, Mass.
Hostess	Sloop yacht	40 ft.	J. Murray Forbes, Milton, Mass.
Siesta	Sloop yacht	40 ft.	J. Murray Forbes, Milton, Mass.
— — —	Sloop yacht	48 ft.	Horace Morse, New York
Black Hawk	Schooner yacht	61 ft.	Charles E. Gibson, Boston
Indra I	Sloop yacht	25 ft.	William S. Hall, Boston
Indra II	Sloop yacht	40 ft.	William S. Hall, Boston
Surf	Sloop	40 ft.	Self; sold to Clarence McIntire (?)
Remora	Fishing boat	36 ft.	John Witherspoon, North Haven
Arena	Lobster smack	42 ft.	John Witherspoon, North Haven
Marguerite	Lobster smack	36 ft.	Isaac Leadbetter, North Haven
Imp I	Motor boat	30 ft.	Self; sold to I. H. Woodworth, Deer Isle
(80)			
Ganymede	Motor boat	20 ft.	J. Murray Howe, Boston
— — —	Motor boat	25 ft.	Frank L. Tuck, Bangor
Washishima	Motor boat	65 ft.	Frank Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Totem	Motor boat	50 ft.	Richard Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Mahala	Motor boat	30 ft.	Charles D. Norton, New York
Ellie	Motor boat	33 ft.	Thomas W. Lamont, New York
Junco	Motor boat	32 ft.	Self: sold to Mrs. C. M. James
Alert	Motor boat	32 ft.	Self: sold
Eleanora	Motor boat	30 ft.	Thomas W. Lamont, New York
Imp II	Motor boat	40 ft.	Self: sold
Tarratine II	Motor boat	50 ft.	Self: sold to George Tiffany, N. Y.
Drogeo	Motor boat	42 ft.	Robert C. Brown, Red Bank, N. J.

— Marian E. Brown

OUT OF MEMORY'S STOREHOUSE

OUT OF MEMORY'S STOREHOUSE

Our Neighbors and Friends

From the Recollections of My Boyhood at North Haven

In the dim light of kerosene lamps, the men of the Thoroughfare gathered around the stove in the rear of the store. There were a few crippled chairs, many nail kegs with open tops, and spaces between assorted merchandise on counters. It was cold and spitting snow outside, and every semblance of a seat was filled, for the store was the customary community gathering place.

In one corner a few pigeonholes constituted the Post Office, and the necessity of calling for the mail occasionally gave an added incentive for coming to the store, and a frequent excuse to the good wife for the man of the family spending the evening in congenial company.

The door opened and a bewhiskered man shuffled in, in rubber boots three sizes too large for him. With a cheerful "Good evening," Captain B. immediately called for his mail, and opening the Boston Herald exclaimed, "Dee, dee, dee, Congress has raised the devil with Cleveland's revenue bill."

This was the opening of a debate on political issues which lasted half the evening and was accompanied by much heat. Captain B. was a successful captain of a fisherman and in a practical way knew much of the great world outside. He alone grasped some of the fundamental issues of the times, had a limited know-

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ledge of what we later came to call economics. As he said,

“I have never had to depend on the government for protection and don’t propose to pay for protecting someone else.”

Political opinion, on the whole, was a traditional matter handed down from father to son. A split ticket was rare, and the island families voted to a man for one of the old parties. The Republicans continued to vote for Abraham Lincoln, and the Democrats for Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, regardless of the issues of the hour. The party label was the big idea.

High on the one stepladder sat Roderick Dyer shelling pecans by the peck. With an enormous pocket knife, honed to the highest possible degree, he skillfully carved off the shells, extracted the meats unbroken and ready for consumption. As a boy I regarded this as the one skill worth acquiring. I, too, liked pecans. Roderick’s part in the debate was a few “For God’s Sake,” and other swear words, often repeated several times. Roderick was a physical giant and a good carpenter, but his main concern was not community forums but his own diet.

Captain Johnnie, visiting for the day with his son-in-law and being properly lubricated, was talkative. Captain Johnnie was a little man with powerful frame and, with the exception of his upper lip, a face full of whiskers. To all intents and purposes he was a wire-haired terrier in human form. Political discussion being ended, he babbled of the sea.

“We reached the Provinces on a quick run and loaded with frozen herring. On the return trip we encountered a heavy wind with seas mountain high and freezing temperature. Everything above decks

OUT OF MEMORY'S STOREHOUSE

began to ice up, and the rigging"—said he, glancing at the nearby open cases in the store—"iced up as large as that sugar barrel."

To the inquiry, "Uncle Johnnie, how did you lower the sails?" with a twinkle in his eye came the reply, "Why, the blocks iced up accordingly."

Uncle Johnnie had worked hard all his life and was rated well to do. On being asked how he made his money, his answer was, "I'll tell you how Uncle Johnnie made some of his money. Free B. ordered two cord hard wood. Went home and loaded the sled that night after dark. Laid down on the couch. Finally didn't go to bed at all. Got up at two o'clock and delivered the last load just as Free B. got up. Haven't got my pay for that wood yet. That's the way Uncle Johnnie got some of his money." All of this was in the presence of the man who owed him for the wood, and I suspect it was successful propaganda.

At this point Uncle Jonas Y. from the lee shore, where he said ice formed during the summer, wanted to talk about his poor health. Turning to Charles J., he said, "Charlie, I've got to denie (die). I haven't the money to buy a box of penills (pills)." Uncle Jonas, a good fisherman, has discovered how to live simply and inactively. As a result of a hearty appetite he had become over-stout and constantly ailing.

"By God," said Charlie, "what medical nonsense have you been reading lately?"

Charles himself was from the outside world with no local blood connections. He lived, or camped as he called it, with no productive labor, yet always seemed to have enough for his simple wants. He was the mystery man of the place. With no apparent goals, without faith in man or God or himself, he existed as a man in the

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shadow of a great calamity. He was the perfect embodiment of a life of fear and lack of responsibility. Intelligent, apparently well educated, he lived and died in utter futility.

There was Uncle Martin H., who hunted bargains and in the niggardliness usually paid the highest prices for everything. The village blacksmith was there, a bit over-illuminated and talking about his Civil War experience in loud mouthings. The storekeeper, off duty, entered the arguments and was a partisan.

Over by the assorted cracker barrel sat Pollard, and occasionally furtively thrust his hand into the barrel but munched crackers openly. He was probably hungry, for he was the ne'er-do-well of the Island. Having a large family, he was not a fisherman, he owned no land and lived in a little rented house which eventually tumbled down. He was not lazy but had to depend on odd jobs for a living, and they were not numerous in the days when maids and servants were unknown. If he was ever discouraged or downhearted, he never indicated it. He had a native wit which was unusual and a happy faculty of coining phrases. He was our philosopher and humorist, and the life of every assembly of men. Usually dressed in cast-offs and in rags, he was unusually dilapidated this evening. The silent innkeeper, who unostentatiously provided him with much of his food and clothing, approached.

"Pollard, your suit is about worn out." This was intended as an invitation to appear at the inn next day for a handout.

Quicker than a flash came the reply, "Mr. M., you should see my best suit, that is all worn out."

This evening he short-circuited the danger points in the political debate, and ribbed Uncle Johnnie S. about

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his oxen. Uncle Johnnie always contended that one yoke of oxen was worth more on a farm than two span of horses. Over the question there was some irritation between Uncle Johnnie and his son, who had insisted on having horses as his price for remaining on the farm. Pollard brought the entire subject into the open, causing much merriment and in no way offending Uncle Johnnie. Under broader skies and with a more appreciative audience, the Pollards of this world ripened into Mark Twains.

At eight o'clock departures began. This little embryonic democracy, with all its "rugged individualism," was typical of the larger democracy beyond the fringes of the Maine Coast.

Now that we have seen the flower of our manhood in one spot, what were they like? They came out of the civilization of the 17th century and are no more. They worked hard, and a little time at the store in the evening was their only time for relaxation. They came from their work as they were, and apart from Asa D., who had entered the town by way of the lobster factory, cared little about their personal appearance. Uncut hair and untrimmed beards were the rule with all the older men. In many of the customs and manners of speech, including many peculiar pronunciations of words, the influence of old England was easily traceable. In isolation and dependent entirely upon boats as a means of transportation, the only thing that saved us from stagnation was our contact with the sea. From the sea came our livelihood and contact with the great world outside.

There was little or no wealth and, as now, little or no real poverty. Out of our scanty soil and the sea, a living with progress became possible, and while "luck"

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was often mentioned, there were no complaints or self-pity. Everyone expected to make a struggle for existence. Freedom of action and individual liberty were prized above power and wealth to the degree that most resented close scrutiny or any attempt to pry into personal affairs. Someone desiring to know how many mackerel Jimmie W. was catching received the reply, "About the same as last year." "But, Jimmie, how many did you catch last season?" The brief retort came promptly, "About the same as the season before."

There was everywhere a wholesome community spirit, and we children were all taught to refer to older people, regardless of blood connection, as uncle or aunt. Kindness and tolerance pervaded our life. All were good neighbors and there was everywhere a keen sense of understanding and sympathy. No man in trouble, through untoward circumstances, need seek for help. It came in abundance and in the spirit of love.

Education was primitive but there was no illiteracy. There was considerable reading but without discrimination. The medical almanacs were distributed by the stores by the hundreds and received their due share of attention. As a result, there was an enormous amount of self-diagnosis and dosages with patent medicine. That most remedies were harmless is evidenced by the fact that a high percentage of our population lived to a ripe old age.

Thrifty, hard-working, self-reliant, independent to the point of peculiarity, believing in individual enterprise and fearful of the power of any outside government, these people planted the seed which ripened into success for almost all who went out into the world seeking new services and new avenues for self-expression. Without ever hearing the term, they achieved "social

OUT OF MEMORY'S STOREHOUSE

security.” Without members of the legal fraternity and without much knowledge of any framework of law, they lived orderly lives in happiness and contentment. The world will never again return to their simple way of life, but the goals these people sought are fundamental. There was no finer basic stock in the great round world. If we only realized it, our heritage is rich in all that is worth while in any generation.

— Leon C. Staples
Sup't of Schools,
Stamford, Conn.
Sept. 5, 1940

OUR ISLAND TOWN

BOYHOOD IN NORTH HAVEN IN THE NINETIES

When the poet wrote,

“Blessings on thee, little man,

Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan,”

he certainly included the fortunate boys of North Haven in his blessings. During the nineties, at least, nowhere in this country were conditions better adapted for a happy, vigorous childhood and for a youth filled with eager interest, derived from the manifold activities of farm, sea and village life combined.

A child in a New England village always should have many initial advantages over the city-bred child of similar financial circumstances. The fact that money goes much further in the country is but a little of the advantage which the country child shares with his parents. Far beyond this, the intimate knowledge which he soon obtains concerning the lives of the domestic animals, the bees, birds, flowers, and all growing, gives him a wealth of information which at once puts him far ahead of his city cousin. And, so far as this kind of knowledge is concerned, he always stays ahead. Then, in small communities like ours, he quickly learns the lore of the sea, the tides, the heavens, the finny tribes and their fascinating habits, the wherefore and why of the weather, and, last but by no means least, the interdependence of men and the worship of God. All these experiences go into such a child's background at an early age, and give him much food for thought, for reflection, and for that sound judgment which has long been one of the ornaments of the old New England stock.

BOYHOOD IN NORTH HAVEN IN THE NINETIES

Into such a boyhood I was born in North Haven during that period which we may now call "The Golden Days," when the material conditions of human life were improving rapidly, when wars seemed to belong only to an ancient past, and when it seemed desirable for each child to aim at any wished-for height, from the Presidency up.

My first local memories are connected with the sea, and I never was happier than when listening to the "tall tales" of the grizzled old fishermen gathered about the sheet-iron stove in old MacDonald's store. Here the chief article of sale was Old Navy plug tobacco, and the chief activity was the expertness with which each old salt could hit the cuspidor, or the open door of the stove, from practically any distance or any angle. I presume that some of their stories were furnished a little, and of course competition always stimulates the imagination, but they were tales filled with the marvels of the great races of the fleet into the Gloucester markets, sweeping in with the proverbial broomstick at the peak and always with some spar or sheet carried away; tales of the great gales out on Georges, with superb heroism and surpassing endurance accepted just as part of the day's work; stories of the strange wisdom of great schools of fish, and of how the great "skippers" like John MacFarland outwitted them. Even in those days a few of the graceful Gloucester schooners outfitted here or came in when the weather was too stormy, and the smell of tarred nets was never far distant. Freeman Smith's ship-chandlery was still active.

The old sailing packet, the Greyhound, had been succeeded by our first North Haven steamer, the Sylvia, captained by my uncle, Capt. Willard Mills, who had

OUR ISLAND TOWN

served as a petty officer on a U. S. ship-of-war in what the "deep South" still insists upon calling the "War between the States." His stories kept the exploits of our navy during this conflict green, and we relived Bermuda Hundred, Hampton Roads and Mobile Bay over and over in the rare times when he would "loosen up." He never would talk much while sailing the *Sylvia*, for a crankier craft or one which could cut up more antics never existed. She could be identified miles away by the size of the "bone in her teeth," for she seemed always to be pushing half of the bay just ahead of her. A trip to Rockland in her in heavy weather was an adventure, even for a tight-rope walker, but she was such an improvement over the old Greyhound that the gratitude of the town went unstintingly to Dr. Charles G. Weld, whose generosity made possible the use of the *Sylvia*.

I never sailed on the Greyhound, but the tales of some of the journeys across the Bay were very lurid. Always a poor footer, she never could sail close to the wind, drifted badly, and required much more tacking and manipulation to arrive at any given spot than any well-behaved schooner should. I heard of one journey to Rockland on which she was becalmed in mid-current, and for five long days and nights just drifted out towards Matinicus and back again, while the small amounts of food and water on board were exhausted. Of course she did not sail at all when the weather became too rough, and these uncertainties made the end of any voyage across the bay so indefinite that the advent of steam service in any guise was an advance eagerly accepted.

After her retirement the old Greyhound was anchored fore and aft out in the Thoroughfare, just where

BOYHOOD IN NORTH HAVEN IN THE NINETIES

she could and did interfere with the docking of all steam craft. I never could reason why she was put just there or why she was not moved, but I always felt that she was quietly taking and hugely enjoying revenge for her retirement.

For the boys of the town, however, this position was a bit of great good fortune. She not only made a comfortable swim from the village floats, but, as her rigging and spars were still sound, she made a perfect training ship for learning to dive from all heights and to all safe depths. We boys swarmed over her on warm sunny summer days. There were two apexes of ability and hardihood to be reached before one was of the "elect"; the first was a dive from the main truck, but the summum quam perfectum was to dive down alongside the boat, swim under the keel and come up on the other side. I shall never forget the darkness cast by the shadow of the boat, and the fear that you couldn't make it and might never come up from the cold green depths. Luckily our mothers never saw these performances, but our fathers often did and always gave us some special urging, and occasionally little rewards.

I do not know whether boys were of tougher fibre in those days, but we thought nothing of staying in the stimulating cold water for two or more hours daily, with slight rests between, of course, and of taking long swims. It is curious, but the fisherman of those days seldom knew how to swim, hence so many of them drowned at sea. Perhaps that was why they saw to it that their sons became efficient watermen.

Up to our day nobody had ventured to swim the Thoroughfare. This swim was made very difficult, not alone by its distance, but by the coldness of the water, the great strength of the current—the tide driven by

OUR ISLAND TOWN

the wind sometimes reaching a speed of five or more knots an hour—and by poor landing places. The Australian crawl stroke had not come into vogue at that time, and the old breast stroke was very tiring for long distances. Finally, in those days the Thoroughfare was a very busy channel, and the traffic increased the risk.

So one day when my father, Charles E. Mills, affectionately called “Capt. Ed.,” asked me if I thought I could swim it, I was thrilled that the thought which I had secretly cradled for so long a time should have been brought out into the open. I believed that I could, and said so. We waited for a sunny day, without wind and with a slack tide. When I dove into the water the coldness took away a little of my confidence, and my “second wind” seemed so long in coming that I began to get a little repentant of my recent cockiness. Thoughts of cramps and their consequences played about in my mind, and it would have taken but little to make me turn back. Then I saw Father coming out in his dory. He “stood by” until I emerged, shivering but triumphant, on the Vinalhaven shore.

That time I went back home in the dory, but later that summer, accompanied by my sister Jean (Emma), who rowed a dinghy, I did the continuous round trip by breast stroke in about an hour. The only excitement this time was that we were nearly run down by and soundly cursed from a “Johnny wood-boat” on our return journey. I never dared to tell this to my beloved Mother, who, though normally of the gentlest disposition, became an embattled warrior when her family took needless risks.

These St. John’s wood boats, incidentally, were a great curse to all the small coastal towns of Maine.

BOYHOOD IN NORTH HAVEN IN THE NINETIES

Their crews often were depraved, and nearly all derived more from their illicit dealings in liquor than from their legitimate lumber traffic. North Haven was stirred up for many years by their vicious activities and their evil effect upon that weak fraction of the community which always mistakes license for liberty.

When I was a young boy, but quite old enough to know better, the mysterious blowing-up of Andrew Kent's woodpile occurred. Andrew was a picture-book character. He was a close-mouthed old sailor, with a fringe of whiskers in a half-circle about his weathered jaw, whose chief greeting was a grunt or just a stare from the bluest pair of eyes I ever saw, and who preferred to be let quite alone. His house and yard, at the bend of the road where it climbs the hill from the Thoroughfare, were always meticulously neat. It was as if he had transferred the activities of the quarter-deck to the farmyard. He began work at the break of day, and by the time that ordinary folk were about, each blade of grass on the place and each hen feather was in its right position. His string-beans and potatoes were so laid out that they were in perfect alignment when seen from any position.

Andrew's apple trees, of a very noble lineage, were the desire and despair of every boy in North Haven, and many attempts had been made to get just one of the lovely fruit, but Andrew was always on the spot when he should not have been. One summer morning Parker Crabtree and I walked slowly down the hill, and just where a great limb overhung the road several apples just begged to be picked. No real boys could resist such an appeal, and it was just a matter of a second for Parker to be in the air supported by me, and for two beauties to be snugly ensconced in our

OUR ISLAND TOWN

pockets. The branch was still swaying in the windless air when Andrew charged out. Obviously we had no ladder and no apples were in sight, but he knew something was wrong, and for once he failed to contain himself. Of course we enjoyed the fruit the more because of Andrew's anger, but the more we thought upon what we had been called the madder we became.

Andrew had a large pile of wood at the corner of the main road and the lane which led to Orrin Waterman's. Like his other possessions, this was the pinnacle of neatness and the perfection of shape. Not only was the top smoothly rounded and so planned that the wood would have a minimum of weathering, but each stick actually was numbered, either so that he would know how much he was using, or possibly to detect any losses. One morning early after the apple episode, a heavy charge of gunpowder blew Andrew's woodpile into Kingdom Come. While much was suspected at the time, nobody ever had the facts. However, Andrew never again greeted Parker or me, but always passed with averted face and complete silence. Perhaps he can read this, and realize and forgive the boyish prank.

In my generation, at least, there were no vicious North Haven boys. We were all high-spirited, adventurous, filled with great vitality, but all so well trained at our mothers' knees to sound Christian tradition, that these qualities have endured, and largely have shaped whatever type of success we have attained today.

— Lloyd Mills, M.D., F.A.C.S.
June 11, 1940

“THE RUSTICATORS”

“THE RUSTICATORS”

The natural beauty and charm of North Haven have attracted to its shores many city people, who find here an ideal place for a summer of rest and recreation.

Since the early days, when it consisted chiefly of a few cottages along the Thoroughfare, the summer colony has grown until North Haven has become one of the most famous summer resorts along the New England coast.

Among the early comers, and one of the best loved by the island folk, was Dr. C. G. Weld, who built a cottage at Iron Point. It was always a happy event, the day early in summer when the doctor's yacht “Maylay” steamed up to her mooring. The ill and injured were then sure of sympathy and help, and many are the stories yet being told of Dr. Weld's kindness and humor. He loved North Haven, as also does Mrs. Weld, who has missed but one summer here in nearly fifty years.

In about 1916, Mr. C. D. Norton bought property at Pulpit Harbor. Unfortunately he did not live to develop this beautiful place, nor to establish “The Pulpit Harbor Packet Company,” an instrument for good which he had so enthusiastically planned.

Among the larger estates are Mr. Thomas Lamont's at North Shore, Mrs. Dwight Morrow's at Sam Brown's Point, and Mr. John Zimmerman's at Middle of Island.

Because the Thoroughfare is particularly adapted to small boat sailing, dinghy racing has always been a popular pastime. The Pulpit Harbor race, which takes place just before Labor Day, is a yearly event. The

OUR ISLAND TOWN

dinghies, with their multi-colored sails, make a pretty picture, when at the sound of the gun, all sails are trimmed and the race is on.

At one time the two livery stables at the Thoroughfare did quite a business driving visitors about the island. Then one day Mr. Lewis Herzog, who had a cottage at Crabtree Point, brought an automobile on the island. No longer could one enjoy a peaceful drive. The horses were so afraid of the car that only the boldest people dared drive on the main roads without first inquiring of Mr. Herzog whether or not he was taking his automobile out.

A favorite topic for debate among various groups of island folk used to be, "Are 'rusticators' a benefit or detriment to the island?" ! ! ! Time has proved that North Haven was fortunate indeed to have been chosen as a summer playground. Were it not for the employment given to the people, the interest in and the support given to the Church, the Library and the Improvement Society, the dental service given the school children, and many other kindnesses shown by the summer friends, North Haven would be a less prosperous and happy community than it now is.

— Eva W. Cooper



SUMMER SEASON AT NORTH HAVEN

GLIMPSES OF MANY SUMMERS

GLIMPSES OF MANY SUMMERS

My first visit to North Haven was in August, 1884, with Mrs. Wheelwright, her daughter Susan, later Mrs. C. K. Cobb, Miss Lucy Rice, later Mrs. Henry Jackson, and my sister, Miss Frances Hayward.

Mr. J. Murray Howe, Mr. Edmund M. Wheelwright and Mr. Bancroft Davis were also of the party.

We lived at Mullin's and spent our evenings at the Paralyzo, entertaining passing yachtsmen.

The first Paralyzo was Mark Calderwood's sail loft, later torn down to make room for the Minots' House.

Messrs. Howe and Wheelwright owned a sloop yacht, the Leda, and a very small fishing sloop. Mr. Howe was a great explorer and took us on many all-day sails, when we "discovered" about every spot of interest on the islands. There were no floats at the wharves, so we climbed ladders or scrambled ashore as best we could.

Our mail came three times a week by the packet Greyhound, and Captain Mills carried any telegrams in his hat. Our baggage came the same way, as the steamer Mt. Desert would not carry trunks. She only slowed up in the Thoroughfare to let off passengers who had come to Rockland on the night boats from Boston or Portland. I must not forget to speak of the fifty-cent suppers on those boats, the dining-rooms being on the lower decks, surrounded by tiers of berths as they were the men's cabins. The boats ran three times a week, arriving in Rockland later than the modern boats. The staterooms were dimly lighted by smelly oil lamps, but no matter, we were on our way to

OUR ISLAND TOWN

North Haven, and the early morning sail through the Muscle Ridges was wonderful.

In 1887 most of the party were at Hopkins Point, where Mr. Alfred Bowditch had leased the present Saltonstall older house, and Mr. and Mrs. Howe were in the house on the point. We had sixteen rainy or foggy days during the month of August!

We sailed the first Dinghy Race, which I won, so for a prize the next summer Dr. Weld gave me the sloop Wayward, my first wedding present, and Mr. Wheeler and I sailed her about Penobscot Bay for twelve happy years.

Mr. Wheeler enjoyed the North Haven life as much as I did. He sailed in all the Dinghy Races, and was one of a small group to build the first Club Tennis Courts. For many years he had charge of the summer doctor.

In 1890 I took my first baby to North Haven, and it was quite exciting to climb down into Mr. Mullin's boat from the Mt. Desert with him in my arms. After there were three babies, we crossed the Thoroughfare and in 1895 built our own cottage there, also the dinghy Yellow Peril, sister to the Chandlers' Imp.

Aunt Debby Hopkins at the Ferry House made delicious fresh butter for us, and Captain Emery Hopkins supplied us with rich Jersey milk and wonderful strawberries and peas. His son Edgar worked for us for seven years, while Bert and Vinal worked for Howes and Dalands. There were no launches or electric lights or telephones. Our ice and provisions were brought from the village in our very small rowboat. Clams and flounders were plentiful, eggs fifteen cents a dozen, milk twenty cents a quart.

Mr. Howe owned the Saltonstall place, and he built a

GLIMPSES OF MANY SUMMERS

wharf on the other side of the little cove, where Captain Mills could land everything. The arrival of the Howe family always caused great excitement. They generally brought a pony, a cow, hens and other animals.

In 1900 Mr. Wheeler built the sloop Penguin, and later the catboat Wilful for me, and the knockabout Keego for Alex. We bought the red launch and later the Sirocco for Harry, still going strong owing to the skillful care of our devoted friend, Lester Greenlaw.

Mrs. Lockwood joined me in giving the first Casino Tea, and for years we two always gave the first one.

I have only missed going to North Haven three summers since 1884, so although not the first summer visitor, I think I am the most faithful one. The Fox Islands have been to me and mine a great source of happiness and health. My five children loved it; now my eleven grandchildren love to come here, and last summer my great-grandson made me a long visit.

I have many warm friends amongst the Island people, who always show an interest in me and mine.

— Ellen H. Wheeler

OUR ISLAND TOWN

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The first time I ever came to North Haven was as a visitor, in 1898 I think. I had heard so much in praise of the place, and nothing against it, that I was sure I was not going to like it—nothing could be as perfect as the description of North Haven! We arrived in a thick fog on the old tugboat "Sylvia," commanded by Captain Mills. It was quite rough crossing, and took at least an hour and a half (if not more), and I was perfectly certain that my prejudices were correct. I cannot remember whether it was that day or the next that, late in the afternoon, the fog began to lift, and I think I have never seen anything more beautiful in my life than the view down the Little Thoroughfare. My host invited me to take a sail in a dinghy; everything was so wet that his wife insisted on my wearing a pair of his trousers. In those days, of course, that was utterly shocking, so we sailed as far from the village as we possibly could, and landed at the swimming-pool. It was very quiet, and again I was deeply impressed with the beauty of everything.

We visited for several consecutive years, and then rented the Will Ed. Carver house, now owned by Mr. P. T. Gates, which in those days was known as "the little green house"—set back some distance from the water where the land was higher. The old dock, which is still there, had at one time been used as a steamboat wharf, so Dr. Weld arranged that the boat should leave us there the morning of our arrival. There were no launches in those days; we had a catboat and one or two rowboats, and rowed every day to the village for our mail, provisions, etc.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The following year we rented the Murray Howe place (which we now own), then the Daland place for two successive summers, and the year after that (to my great disappointment) we did not come back but tried Buzzard's Bay. After that summer we all decided that we preferred North Haven, and the next year took the Clark house. It was late that summer of 1908 that we bought the Howe place, made various changes, and have lived there ever since. Bill Cooper has been our boatman all these years, and always as devoted to our children as if they had been his own.

To my children and myself there is no place in the world like North Haven, and the family gatherings there every summer are the happiest part of the year.

— Mrs. R. M. Saltonstall

OUR ISLAND TOWN

WITHIN SIGHT AND SOUND

I have often wondered what it is like to live on a desert, and to see hardly anything before or behind or on either side of one. It must be very monotonous; while there is the opposite extreme of seeing too much. To my mind, the ideal is to live between the two extremes, and I have decided that a village street must be about right.

We live on the corner of a village street, where it is never monotonous, for the sights and sounds vary every few minutes. The steamer wharf is diagonally opposite, and it is something to see the regular mail-boat arrive, especially when we are expecting someone on it; or to hear the whistle of the Sunbeam, which is very penetrating. Whenever we hear this important boat, we of course run to the windows for the first sight of her, and my husband puts on his hat and coat and hurries down to be there when she arrives.

It always gives me a thrill whenever I hear that whistle, and from all I have heard, we are not the only ones who thrill when the boat is within whistling distance, for the lighthouse keepers, who live in comparative isolation, hurry and wave a salute to the passing Sunbeam, which has carried so much comfort and help to them all.

It is a beautiful sight to look across to the opposite island, Vinalhaven, with just a narrow strip of water between, called the Thoroughfare. Here during the summer there are boat races, and the different colored sails are very picturesque.

Opposite to us are three stores, where almost everything you can imagine can be had, from pins, sweaters,



THE STEAMBOAT WHARF AND CASINO WHARF

WITHIN SIGHT AND SOUND

groceries, pencils, hardware, fittings for boats, and car accessories, to ice cream and lollypops. During the hot weather, all kinds of delicacies in the way of ice cream are very popular, and we see so many ice cream cones and such that we wonder if this is not the most thriving business, but I suppose the profits are not so large as they seem. What one cannot find at Hopkins' store, one can find at Waterman's, or perhaps Phil Brown handles more of certain things than the others, except of course Mrs. Calderwood's, which is a regular ice cream parlor.

The Parsonage stands next door to us, but separated by some very tall trees and bushes, so that what goes on over there cannot be observed here, and vice versa.

Between the two pieces of land, extending a bit inward, stands the Town Fountain, inspired and engineered by Mr. Horace M. Noyes, in cooperation with others. It was erected by the town in memory of the men who served in the last war. What a blessing it was that they all returned home safely, and were greeted by crowds and waving banners! There it stands, a solid memorial to those who were willing to die if need be for the great cause of Christian democracy. I never look at that fountain without having noble thoughts and aspirations. It sends forth nothing but the purest water, and provision is made for men and animals, to refresh themselves on a hot day. It preaches a silent sermon.

We are facing today a still greater problem and danger, which calls for everything we are and hope to be, that our liberty and freedom may be preserved, and our fair land become the blessing to the world it ought to be.

Our Post Office stands at the corner opposite to us at

OUR ISLAND TOWN

the side, and makes it possible for us to enjoy our letters and papers every day. The untiring service of those who minister in this way deserves to be mentioned. Perhaps some day a new post office will stand there, to rejoice their hearts.

The new Library stands next to the post office, and the interior is far more attractive than the outside, for one is surprised to see so many books of all kinds for young and old, to help educate and enlighten us. The winter months need not be wasted, for one can always avail himself or herself of this privilege.

As one approaches our island, the steeples of two churches can be seen from the steamer. Within sound from us, though not within sight, is our very attractive new Baptist Church. Its bell can be heard for some distance, calling people to come and partake freely of the blessings of the Gospel. The Catholic Church is a large, fine looking building, which was erected by some of our summer friends, and has a large attendance during the summer months.

On Sunday mornings during July and August, it is very interesting to see the congregations of the two churches either on their way to, or coming from, the services in one of these churches.

We can recall the account of the wise men who came from afar to worship the Babe of Bethlehem, and the shepherds who came as soon as they heard that He had been born; but we have right here the place where we can worship Him, and yet many will not come. I have known many who live in heathen lands, who travel very far to worship on Sundays, some of them walking for many miles to get to church, but it is no hardship to them, for they are fully compensated for their tiring journey.

WITHIN SIGHT AND SOUND

As I think of the many ills of this world, and the dreadful mess everywhere, people looking to everybody but the right One, I am not surprised that the problems are not solved, for poor man is limited in his capacity to compass the situation. God alone can do it, and I believe that He will if we are sincere and look to Him.

There are wars to be waged against the wrong,
There are victories to win before the song,
God depends upon you and me.
He has wisdom to give to guide us through,
There are promises to help us through,
And be what He wants us to be.

— Lillie S. Bousfield

OUR ISLAND TOWN

TO THE BOYS GOD SPARED TO YOU

In the terrible war, just a wee bit past,
Many thousands of youth, brave and strong,
Laid down their lives for freedom's sake,
Gave their all to right a wrong!

Perhaps some of you may have given your sons,
Your brothers, your husbands, too;
But today, this fountain we dedicate
To the Boys God Spared to You.

There is no fear that we'll forget
The deeds of those men "gone West";
But are we so sure we are loyal still
To the living, who gave their best?

Or do we forget what they too went through,
Of fire, of torture, aye, hell,
And cease to think of their noble deeds,
And of how they served so well.

'Twas a marvelous thing for this small town,
That its sons who went to the fight
Should all come back, on the whole unharmed—
Stalwart fellows, clean-hearted, upright.

And you, strong men, who fought so hard,
Strive now to secure lasting peace;
Remembering victory's never won,
Until every sad war shall cease.

TO THE BOYS GOD SPARED TO YOU

This fountain we have unveiled today,
As a proof we did not forget
How the North Haven boys bravely went to the front,
And each problem courageously met.

How they answered the call which might have meant
death,

How some stood where men fell, not a few,
But the North Haven boys came back, every one,
Yes, God spared every boy, for you!

— Mabel Snow Worcester

OUR ISLAND TOWN

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS FROM NORTH HAVEN
IN THE GREAT WORLD WAR
1917-1919

IN THE NAVY

Arthur Eaton

Roderick E. Gillis

Irven L. Joyce

Elmer Carver

Ensign James A. Lewis

IN THE ARMY

Leonard E. Alexander

Elroy V. Beverage

Stanley Beverage

Marston L. Beverage

Philips L. Brown

Ralph M. Carver

Alfred Dyer

Jetson Dyer

George T. Foss

Clarence J. Stone

Bryant Hopkins

Elmer Hopkins

Martin S. Joyce

Walter M. Joyce

Lieut. Maynard Leadbetter

Lieut. H. Alton Lewis

Earl C. Marden

Lieut. Scott D. Staples

Bernard Dyer

John Lermond



THE MEN RETURNING FROM THE FIRST WORLD WAR

NORTH HAVEN

NORTH HAVEN

(Printed some years ago in the Courier-Gazette)

A writer not long ago in speaking of North Haven said,

“From the little hamlet of North Haven, somewhere in Penobscot Bay, comes a voice that is typical of those small communities where 9 P. M. is midnight.”

Yes, North Haven is a small town in Penobscot Bay, with a valuation of about \$800,000., with \$70,000. paid out last year by the town treasurer; and does not have some of the things other places have.

We do not have anyone from North Haven in the State Prison; no one in the County Jail; no law suit or divorce case pending in court, and no one with an automobile license suspended, although we have an automobile to every three or four inhabitants.

We have no lockup, as we have no use for one. All the work the constable has to do is to look out for mischievous boys that are here from out of town. It goes without saying that we have no town poor on our town books, and have had none for a number of years.

But we do have a fine class of people, a splendid minister, a good doctor, a fine public library of 5,000 volumes; good schools, hotels, telephone and telegraph connection; good boat and air line service, water system, electric lights, a \$25,000. sewer just put in; fine roads, and one of the best golf courses in the State.

We have hundreds of summer residents and visitors, among them a future Presidential prospect—Dwight W. Morrow; and we have the fine launch that Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh took their honeymoon in, hauled up in Brown's boat yard.

OUR ISLAND TOWN

We have some of the best sunsets, seen over Camden Hills, to be found in the world.

There are approximately five hundred millionaires in the country, and it is said that a score or two spend their summer vacation at North Haven. Why, they have travelled the whole wide world over, and finally come back to North Haven and said North Haven was not the place of their birth, but they found it the very best place on earth.

If anyone, be he rich or poor, is looking for a good place to build a summer home, or spend a few days or months during the summer, let him look up North Haven, "the little hamlet in Penobscot Bay where 9 P. M. is midnight."

— Rodney A. Haskell

(The writer of this article did not put in the date when it was written, so I will leave the townspeople to certify as to its truthfulness. It was so good that I had to put it in the book. L.S.B.)

THE NORTH HAVEN CHURCH

THE NORTH HAVEN CHURCH

Religious work in North Haven dates from 1794. In 1804 a church edifice was built upon the Island at Pulpit Harbor. Enlarged and repaired many times, it now serves the Island people in the summer months, and upon special occasions. It continues to speak its message.

Landmark am I for ships at sea,
For sailors when they look toward me.

I chart their course that they may keep
The channel straight and safe and deep.

Throughout the years my ministries
Abide in hallowed memories.

In 1860 the population of the Island was 950. In 1900, with a population of but 551, and Rev. A. W. Young the minister, the resident membership of the Church was 82. The Sunday School, our brother Frank Beverage Superintendent, had an average attendance of 90. In 1920, with the population of the Island 510, and the drift of this population from other parts of the Island to the Thoroughfare, the tide of religious life and interest was at a very low ebb. The membership of the Church was 86. Its resident membership was but 68. The average attendance of the Sunday School was but 25.

In 1920 there came to the Island Rev. Milton G. Perry as its pastor. A young man fresh from the

OUR ISLAND TOWN

Seminary at Andover-Newton, ordained in the Church here, and with his efficient helper in Mrs. Perry, the tide that had been going out turned and began to come in.

From 1898 to 1923 there were 44 received into the Church by baptism and 17 by letter and experience, a total of 61 in a period of 27 years. From 1923 to 1940, in a period of 16 years, 49 have been received by baptism and 29 by letter and experience, a total of 78.

Explanations of this renewed interest in the Church and its prosperity are many. Foremost perhaps is the liberality of summer residents, whose generosity built during the pastorate of Mr. Perry the new Church edifice at the Thoroughfare at a cost of \$27,000.; \$7,000. of which sum was contributed by Island residents. Up to 1923, when the new church was finished, dedicated and occupied, Episcopal services had been held in the old library hall. With the new church built by this co-operative effort, agreements were made with the summer congregation that it should have the use of the church ten Sunday mornings during the summer. These summer services, although conducted by Episcopalians, have had the cordial support of members of other communions, and such fellowship has been a delight and contributed to the success of these services.

One of the happiest arrangements of the summer services has been the union service upon the last Sunday of the summer services, a service in which both island and summer congregations meet in worship and fellowship. In this joint service it has been the privilege of the Island pastor to have a substantial part, and briefly report the activities of the Island Church during the year. At these joint services it has been the privilege of the Island people to hear such representative men.



THE NEW CHURCH

THE NORTH HAVEN CHURCH

and preachers as Dr. Kinsolving, former minister at Trinity Church, Boston, Dr. Endicott Peabody of Groton, and the Rev. John Crocker, now the successor of Dr. Peabody at Groton.

In view of the continuous and generous support of summer residents in the agreements entered into in connection with the new church building, our Island Church is expected and does create a Church upon the Island in accord with liberal Baptist teachings, and such a church that any resident upon North Haven may join with us in worship and service, and feel at home.

Today, with the population of the Island but 450, the membership of the church is 115. The resident membership is 93. The average attendance of the Sunday School for the past year, under the inspiring and devoted leadership of Mrs. Julia Beverage, has been 77.

The present pastor, and author of this brief sketch, has been Island minister since November, 1927.

— Henry Felton Huse
North Haven,
November, 1940

OUR ISLAND TOWN

OUR LIBRARY

In the past it has been the Church which has preserved records and fostered education. So it gives me pleasure and satisfaction to state, it is my conviction that the old church at Pulpit Harbor was the first place in town where books could be exchanged. Those books were given or loaned by members or friends of the church.

Some people, doubtless, will shake their heads and say,

“Alas, alack, how untrue! If she had only asked me I could have told her. It was in this place, or that store.”

However, my statement is based upon a story my father used to tell of his great-uncle David Wooster, who was a great reader, and had what was then considered quite a private library of his own. As the story went (told to point a moral to children who handled books with soiled hands), the old man loaned his books to the church for circulation, but when he presented himself to borrow reading matter, that privilege was denied, because his hands were too dirty. The story always ended with,

“Served him right. No one should handle books with soiled hands.”

The moral missed its mark. We always staunchly stood by Very Great Uncle, but the story served to place books in the old church sometime between the years 1842, the date of my father's birth, and 1857, when my grandfather moved his family to Missouri. How continuous a service the old church rendered I do not know. But in 1918, when I came to North Haven



OUR NEW LIBRARY

OUR LIBRARY

to live, it was still possible to borrow books through the old church.

I wish I knew the exact years that books appeared on shelves of the "Salt Store," Freeman Smith's store and C. S. Staples' store. (I hope someone else has told that in this book.) The Salt Store, where the Casino is now, seems to have had bookshelves most used and best remembered. From those shelves many of the classics could be borrowed, and of course, tales of the sea and of Western adventure.

The names of Smith and Brown are woven and interwoven with the founding, the growth, and throughout the entire history of the Thoroughfare Library. Especially outstanding are the names of Mrs. Etta Smith (Noyes), Mrs. Margaret Smith and Mr. James O. Brown. They, with the help of many early friends, raised book funds by holding food sales, giving plays, and by securing lecturers. Pioneers in the work, they always looked forward and planned for the day when a permanent library could be established.

In the 1890's, when the "Rusticators" began to pay North Haven longer visits, they added much valuable reading matter to the bookshelves in the Salt Store; and in 1898, when the need of a new home for the books had become very great, Mullen's Hall was rented for a library, and the North Haven Library Association was formed.

Credit for this early work goes to the Smiths, the Browns and their many friends. Special mention should be made of work done by Mrs. Frank W. Chandler and Mrs. Alfred Bowditch.

The day came when Mr. Mullen would sell his hall, and a committee headed by Mrs. Etta Smith (Noyes), Mrs. Margaret Smith and Mr. James O. Brown raised

OUR ISLAND TOWN

money and secured subscriptions to purchase the building. "Mullen's Hall" became a thing of the past, and "Library Hall" arrived. "North Haven Library Association" became "North Haven Library," and was incorporated in 1916.

Mrs. Margaret Smith served as librarian, without pay, for many years, and no one knew or loved the library better than she.

With a change of ownership, the building went through a period of subtractions and additions, and grew in grace and respectability. Never a good looking building, it was roomy and hospitable. The lower floor became a library one could be proud of. In 1938, when the last annual meeting of the North Haven Library was held in the old building, Miss Jennie O. Beverage, the librarian, reported 6,292 volumes in the library.

Miss Beverage was a fine librarian, and served in that position from 1925 to 1938.

Library Hall was condemned for dancing, but was used as a community hall for many years. Before the Baptist Church was built at the village, the hall served as a Sunday School room for the Baptists, and as a church for the Episcopalians, as well as a general assembly room for many other groups.

When Dr. Endicott Peabody officiated there, the hall became a holy place in which God did indeed walk. Another event which quite transformed the place was the Art Exhibit held by the summer friends. Instead of a hall, one beheld an art gallery worthy of honorable mention.

It is no wonder that many regretted the passing of such a versatile old friend; although with wider streets,

OUR LIBRARY

the building became much in the way, and obstructed the view on a dangerous corner.

It was the will of Mrs. Cora A. Spaulding, that the residue of her estate be used to erect a library in memory of her father and mother, Freeman H. Smith and Anne E. Smith. That money came to the North Haven Library in 1935. But instead of a \$30,000 or \$40,000 bequest as planned by the sainted lady, there was a great shrinkage, due to Mrs. Spaulding's long illness, also to a general financial depression in the country. Though there was not enough money to build a memorial library, the heirs released the fund to the North Haven Library to be used in "the erection of any building of any material."

In 1938 it was thought that, with Federal funds available through P. W. A., a new building might be had, and several thousand dollars were raised in cash and pledges. With the prospect of receiving \$9,000 from P. W. A., it was felt that sufficient funds would be on hand for the erection of a brick building.

Such a project had to be carried out through the Town of North Haven, supervised by P. W. A. agents. With that in view, it was voted to turn the "Spaulding Fund" (about \$7,700) over to the town, "if and when" the project went through with P. W. A. funds.

The claim was allowed in 1938, and bids were invited. But only one bid was received, and that one called for \$25,400. Our limit was \$20,000, and we had hopes that the architect might lower that figure. Thus the project of building with P. W. A. funds collapsed, leaving us without a library, for our old building had been torn down.

The cost of removing the old library, as well as the architect's expenses for the P. W. A. project, was met

OUR ISLAND TOWN

by generous summer friends. But there was rent to pay on a temporary library, and many of our books had to be placed in dead storage.

The Trustees carefully considered conditions, circumstances, cost of materials, and plans. They then recommended that the building committee (Rev. Henry Felton Huse, Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, Mrs. Kennard Winsor, Mrs. Herbert Winlock and Mrs. Chester F. Dyer) be authorized to proceed with plans for the erection of a new library.

On August 1, 1939, the North Haven Library, acting favorably on the recommendation, voted to build a new library on the old site. And soon the new library began to take its place in the community.

When Mrs. Morrow reported for the building committee in 1939, she said in part that when the new library was completed, we might, because of lack of funds, miss some fine points as far as architecture was concerned, but that the building would be simple and attractive, and one thing sure to be missed would be debt on the building. Her prediction was indeed true. The final contract called for \$12,500, but thanks to the architect, Mr. H. Doland Chandler, and to the builders, O. D. Lermond and Son, we have a pleasant, attractive library for \$10,000.

Much credit for the final work on the plans should go to Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Winsor and Mrs. Winlock; although no one worked harder on the early plans than did Mr. Robert Wheelwright. He also acted as Chairman of the building committee during the fall of 1938 and spring of 1939, when the Rev. Mr. Huse (President of the North Haven Library since 1928) was absent because of illness. And during all the changes and disappointments, we were warmly supported and assisted by

OUR LIBRARY

Mrs. Henry Wheeler, a retired Trustee of the North Haven Library, and by Mrs. Etta Smith Noyes, a Trustee of the North Haven Library and an executor of Mrs. Spaulding's estate. Mrs. Noyes also holds the record for continuous work as active Trustee. With an unbroken record since 1923, she has faithfully worked for the best interests of the North Haven Library.

Rev. Mr. Huse one said, "After many trials and tribulations we enter the kingdom of heaven, and after greater trials and tribulations we entered the new library."

At least we have entered, and find it a pleasant, attractive place; well lighted and well ventilated, and thanks to generous friends, well furnished; well cared for too by the librarian, Miss Fostena Duncan, who is always friendly and helpful.

The Trustees are now considering the erection of a suitable tablet to commemorate Mrs. Spaulding's gift to the North Haven Library. How right and fitting that the new library was made possible through the gift of Mrs. Spaulding, who was herself a Smith!

— Ida Dyer

OUR ISLAND TOWN

PYTHIAN SISTERS

The Order of Pythian Sisters (an auxiliary order to the Knights of Pythias) was founded in 1888 by Past Chancellor Joseph Hill.

Mr. Hill, having a keen appreciation of literature and being an able writer, gave himself to the project with enthusiasm. Being dissatisfied with the status of women in various secret societies with which he was familiar, he designed a ritual, forms, emblems and ceremonials exclusively for women; but it was only after eleven years of hard work and patience, that his ritual was finally recognized by the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

Miss Harriet Hill, daughter of the founder, was his constant helper, during the years he was trying to establish the Order, and especially when he was instituting new Temples throughout the country.

The Order of Pythian Sisters was and is organized with the sincere desire of promoting the moral, mental, social and physical elevation of its members; cultivating a spirit of Fraternal Love, which shall permeate and control their daily lives; ministering in all ways to the wants of the sick, distressed or needy; and daily exemplifying in every way the Golden Rule.

Our own Gloria Temple No. 91, Pythian Sisters, is very happy to be part of that grand organization.

Gloria Temple was instituted March 1, 1911, by G. C. Abbie Ramsdell of Eastport, and G. M. of R. and C. Mrs. Tupper. Thirty-four ladies made up our charter

PYTHIAN SISTERS

list. Of this number the following ladies were chosen to fill the various offices for the first year, 1911:

Mrs. Elda Ames, M. E. C.
Mrs. Lillian Hopkins, E. S.
Mrs. Nettie Crockett, E. J.
Mrs. Hattie Duncan, M.
Mrs. Bina Ames, M. of R. and C.
Mrs. Lenora Cooper, M. of F.
Mrs. Maud Simpson, Pro.
Mrs. Bertha Tabbutt, G. O. T.
Mrs. Mary Mills, P. C.

The trustees were Mrs. Flora Marden, Mrs. Lennie Lermond and Mrs. Flora Brown. Tillie Crockett served as pianist.

The first lady candidate of Gloria Temple was Mrs. Cora (Ames) Lermond, who joined the night the Temple was instituted; also at this time two Knights joined our ranks, Almon Cooper and Lamar Lewis.

The original staff as chosen by the Degree Mistress, Beulah Bray, were these Sisters:

Nellie York	Eva Hopkins
Clara Dyer	Marion Crockett
Susie Wooster	Flora Marden
Katherine P. Duncan	Emma Stone

Through the united efforts of these officers and different committees, in their part of the work, the first year of Gloria Temple ended prosperously. One hundred and seventy-eight dollars and ninety-four cents was received for dues the first year.

May the Order of Pythian Sisters go bravely on its mission of Holy Love, ever remembering the beautiful lessons so impressively taught in its Temples, until its

OUR ISLAND TOWN

members, pure in thought, word and deed, as the driven snow, recognizing the great principle of Equality in the Sisterhood of Woman, shall move "Onward and Upward" until its gentle and benign influence shall be felt not alone by its own members, but within the ranks of the brilliant Order with which it is so closely allied; may it become a Beacon Light in the whole world, the promise and potency of a higher and more devine Life.

— Elizabeth Greenlaw, M. E. C.
1940



GRUMPY—THE LARGEST DOG ON THE ISLAND

OUR WINDOWS AND DOORS

OUR WINDOWS AND DOORS

These are a great institution, and more and more people are coming to realize how important they are, for many purposes. I can well remember that, when I was a child, we slept at night with our windows closed, believing that it was dangerous to be exposed to the night air. Many felt that malaria was contracted by too much night air; this was of course before the little mosquito was discovered as the real culprit.

Our present generation cannot seem to get enough of the sun and air, and children are being reared according to strict scientific principles. We may expect a much healthier and wiser race of beings than those of old, but as I look back upon the past and see how much we escaped in the line of germs, I wonder if some things cannot be carried too far. I do not recommend being presumptuous, however, though I must confess that as I knew China over forty years ago, I marvel that their babies ever survived some of the food they ate, and the things to which they were exposed.

What would I do without our front and back windows, for there is so much to see whenever I take a moment or two just to look out! If I look at the right moment, I usually see our neighbors from up the road followed by some of their family of cats, and of course Judy their dog. Then again in the afternoon at the right moment, I see part of this feline family waiting to meet them and walk home with them.

Their pure Siamese cat with his beautiful coat of fur, and blue eyes, is a most interesting character, though his slightest suggestion of a tail seems as if he lacked

OUR ISLAND TOWN

something he needed. I am told that his voice is sometimes unearthly, but since I have never heard him speak in that tone, I cannot judge as to its quality. He is very aristocratic; he used to come to our back door to hobnob with Yonnie, our coon cat, but even though they have been known to rub noses, they have never become bosom friends.

Yonnie is not quite the largest cat in town, but I am sure that no other cat gives himself a bath and scours himself as he does. He would not for the world fight with anything, but instead he climbs up the back porch through the trellis, to a vantage point, and looks down on his possible enemies.

After our pastor and his wife had returned from their vacation, a party of ladies met there to welcome them, and had prepared a tea for them. I of course went over to welcome them, and did not notice that Yonnie was close on my heels, but no sooner had I seated myself than he appeared, and with great dignity walked the length of the sitting-room, until he came to Mrs. Huse and stood before her and looked up into her face. I am sure it was not my imagination when I interpreted this action as his desire to join in the welcome.

There used to be a remarkably large dog living nearby, owned by a boy who had sent to Canada for him and paid a good price. He was a huge St. Bernard, by far the largest dog in town, and was always well fed. He already weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds when I was told that he was a pup, though to my mind he looked like a full-fledged grown-up.

He was as gentle as a kitten, and loved the children of the neighborhood. He loved the ice and snow, rolled in it and ate it, and joined in coasting down the hill, that is, not riding on anybody's sled, but running along-

OUR WINDOWS AND DOORS

side his master. When summer came he was miserable, with his heavy coat of hair, and acted dopey for some days. One day I heard a sharp cry, and a few minutes later his master came running to my back door, and with tears in his eyes told me that Grumpy had just died. His master cried as if his heart would break.

I am perfectly convinced that the kindness to animals shown by so many people is one of the results of Christianity, and its almost utter absence, years ago in heathen lands, stands out sharply in my memory.

Next was an unforgettable dog called Briar, who was always in a good humor. He was a wire-haired terrier, with a grin on his face which never seemed to leave him. No matter how you treated him, he smiled at you, and was most friendly. He always felt like gobbling you up, as it were, he was so glad to see you. Alas! he had a glaring fault; he loved to run after cars and get almost under the wheels, so that the drivers were in constant fear when they saw him coming. He was run over twice, and survived; but the third calamity was pneumonia, and that poor Briar did not survive.

I must go back to Judy, the dog from up the road. She is the most polite and grateful dog in town; and she has an unusual tail, which moves, or rather beats, in different directions, showing her feelings, each different move of that tail signifying some special emotion. I am told that even Judy can sulk, though I have never seen her do this.

Then there is the cat who loves to explore the contents of our garbage can. Though she is very well fed at home, still the thrill of finding some sweet morsel is too tempting for her, and sometimes I have found our can, or rather its contents, strewn over the back

OUR ISLAND TOWN

porch, probably the result of a careful hunt for some toothsome bits.

I am told that our neighbors who own Judy, and Wang the Siamese cat, at a recent reckoning possessed some eight or nine cats, and their tails were neither one thing nor another.

Chummy must not be forgotten, for he is what is called an American Spaniel. He shines prominently in his ability to carry parcels, especially precarious ones such as oysters in a carton, and has been known to carry a half dozen oranges home safely. Summer before last, his companion dogs led him into our vegetable garden, one day while we were at dinner. A cousin who was with us saw them, picked up her glassful of water and started after them, and the contents hit him between the eyes. He evidently lays that trick to my door, for he has avoided me ever since.

Then there is the old warrior cat who sometimes is seen in this neighborhood. He bears the scars of many a fierce battle with other cats, and I can imagine that no cat would pretend to impose upon him, though I have seen him most affectionate with his mistress.

The two wharf cats, who love to sleep in the coal bins, do not associate with many of the other cats, but keep very much to the business of catching rats. One of our neighbors who keeps a store is most generous to them all, and they will not starve as long as he is in charge, or his daughters either. They receive many choice morsels from the scraps in the meat department.

Time and space will not permit me to dwell upon all of the neighborhood pets, but I must mention Robin Redbreast, who owns our lawn and guards it carefully. He will not permit any trespassers, but always chases



CHUMMY

OUR WINDOWS AND DOORS

them off. He devotes much time to catching great long wriggling worms, which he shares with Mrs. Robin, who is evidently up in one of our nearby trees.

Now tell me, would you exchange all of these sights from our windows and doors for a home in the city, hemmed in on all sides?

— Lillie S. Bousfield

OUR ISLAND TOWN

NORTH HAVEN HAPPENINGS

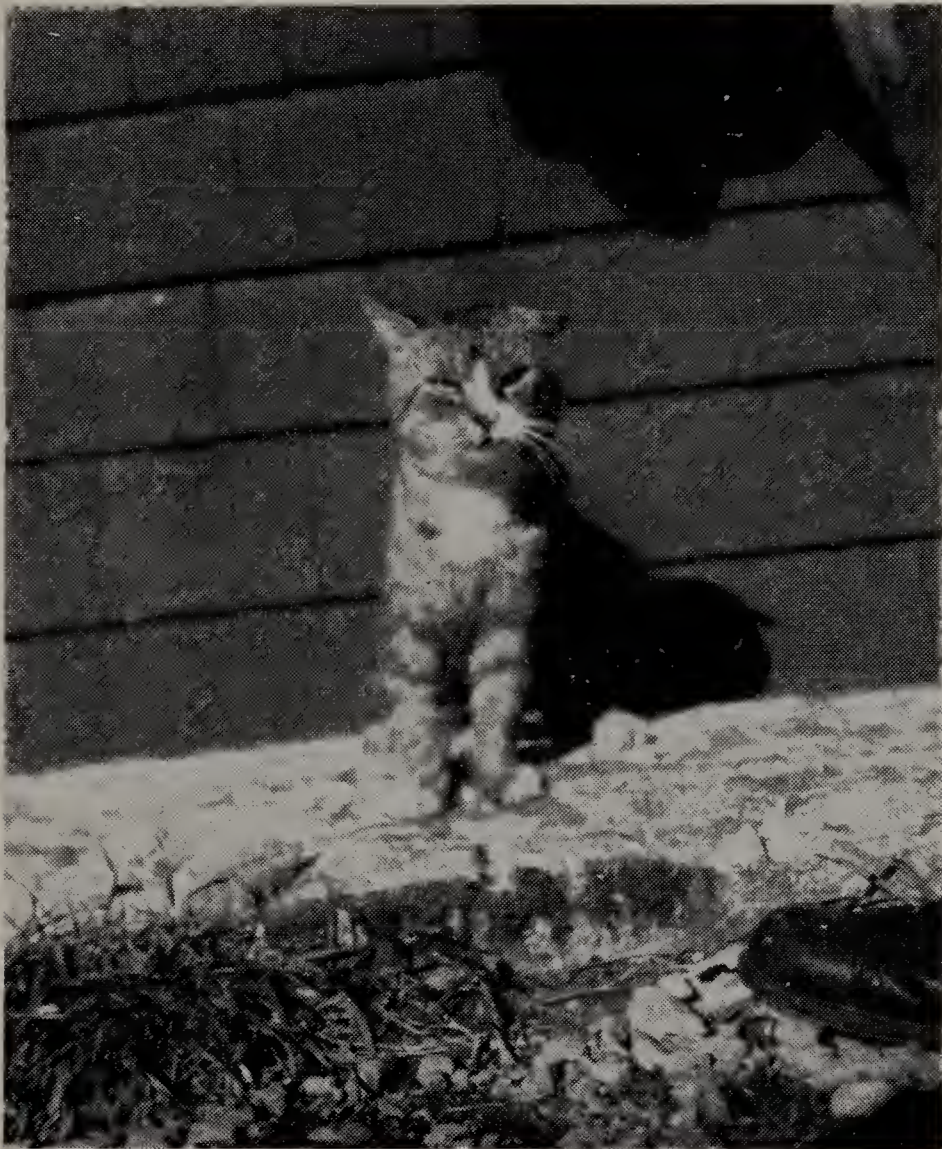
THE CAT REMEMBERED

The cats of North Haven are distinguished among all the race by their remarkable intelligence. Someone has said that dogs are endowed with something akin to reason, but he evidently had never visited North Haven, or he would have included cats. The following affords proof of this fact.

At the Thoroughfare there lived a cat. Indeed he still lives here. He is big and handsome, greatly loved by his mistress and admired by all who know him. With her usual thoughtfulness, his mistress has always placed an ash tray every night between two doors in the passageway. On a certain day the cat disappeared, and was absent for two full years. When the years had expired, the cat returned, walking into the house as though he had not been absent for a night. His family gave him a loving welcome, except the housekeeper, who does not love cats. Perhaps that was because she was tired, having completed a large washing and ironing, in which she prides herself, making it as fine work as human hands can do. The cat's master had long since forgotten about the ash tray and where it stood, and set the basket of beautifully ironed clean clothes exactly where the ash tray used always to be, two years ago. Next morning he was shocked to find that the cat had had a better memory than he.

WHY SOME PEOPLE NEED TWO PAIRS OF GLASSES

A patient came to be fitted with glasses on a certain evening less than a thousand years ago. He had been imbibing too freely to be able to keep his balance with-



OLD BOBBY THE PRIZEFIGHTER BEARS
THE MARKS OF MANY CONFLICTS

NORTH HAVEN HAPPENINGS

out assistance. The writer recommended him to come at some other time when things were not inclined to look double. He denied he had been drinking, and insisted on an examination. It was not easy to suit him, but at last the prescription was written. However, he was informed that the glasses would not be ordered unless he came when he was sober. Accordingly he came again next morning, but was not willing to submit to a proper test. When the glasses came he said they were all right to use when he was "lit," but he needed another pair to use at other times.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

On November 11 in the year of our Lord 1938, the writer arrived to live in North Haven. He brought with him his motorcycle, which is red and of the same make as those used by Uncle Sam's traffic officers, and just as handsome. It happened that some repairs were being made on a house on —— Road. As the motorcycle sweetly purred its way up Kent's Hill, one of them saw it and exclaimed, "Blank blank! There's the State Police!" He had suddenly remembered he had no sticker on his car. They all ran for their cars, and their cars all ran to rectify the omission, even one which had a flat tire. Its owner did not even stay to inflate it, in his haste to get a new sticker.

OVERHEARD IN THE POSTOFFICE

R—: "J— eats too much. He has a baywindow like this." (Holds his hands about two feet from a sizeable baywindow of his own.)

H—: "Ha, ha, ha!"

C—: "Yes, J— does eat too much. He once said he had eaten thirteen lobsters at a meal, but I hardly believe that."

OUR ISLAND TOWN

R—: “Thirteen lobsters. That ain’t nothin’. I’ve eaten two and a half bushels at a sittin’. There ain’t nothin’ to them. But J—, I seen him sit down to a barrel of flour, make it all up into raised biscuits, and eat the whole of it at a sittin’. J— sure does eat too much. ’Taint good for him.”

— C. E. Bousfield, M. D.



AN OLD GATEWAY

NUGGETS

NUGGETS

The rock formation of our island is entirely different from our surrounding land, being of volcanic origin.

If you will take a trip with me from the Hallowell Road, open the gate, and follow a path, for it is hardly more than that now, to the back shore beyond Ames Knob, on the sheltered shore of Southern Harbor, I will show you a man's footprints in the hard rock, and right beside it another print of a woman or child. Let your imagination go, and you can envision a person escaping through this soft rock.

On your way back, take the path to the right, at the sign, follow to the top of Ames Knob, and what a view! Water shows in every direction, and gives you an idea of the extent of the island.

Time was when our roads were marked by gates leading to every man's property, but after many hard fought sessions of town meetings they were finally opened and only a few remain, as reminders of the past. One of these, with two ox-yokes as decoration, at the entrance of the Carver place, is worthy of mention.

The roads were kept up after a fashion for some years, with our natural supply of rotten rock, an ideal substance for this purpose, but come a dry summer the dust was unbearable, so what to do? Tarvia was brought up and discussed and finally accepted, so now we have roads of which we are very proud, nearly the whole extent of the thirty-six miles of town roads.

OUR ISLAND TOWN

Once upon a time we nearly had a two-plank sidewalk running through the main street, started by one of the old contractors. Anyone could contribute a plank, but the contributions did not cover the extent, so this was just another "cracker barrel story."

Come take a walk with me some fine morning in July, down to the Iron Point Road, turn in at the Golf Links road, when you are at a nice shady place peer into the woods on either side, and if you are lucky you may see a white waxy flower springing up from the dark brown mould. This is Indian Pipe, only one of the 215 wild flowers found on the island a few years ago. From the early Crocus to the Joe Pye Weed, late Elderberry, Queen Anne's Lace, and many varieties of Goldenrod, they follow each other in their season, a true barometer of the march of time.

Although Widows Island, renamed Chase Island, is not a part of our island, it seems to fit into the history and events of the town, as three of the four caretakers came from here.

This island, owned by the Government, has been a very busy place from time to time. A hospital, meant for convalescing naval seamen, was used as a summer place for the doctors and their families. It was never used for the hospital for which it was intended. Later it was turned over to the State, and used for convalescing patients from a Maine Sanitarium. Proving too expensive, and a rather bad place for this purpose, it was abandoned and stood idle for several years. The furnishings were sold, and the island again turned over to the Government to be used as a bird sanctuary. The

NUGGETS

old brick building was torn down and disposed of, proving a gold mine to our more ambitious citizens.

Now it has a nice building, bungalow style, to be used by officers sent here by the Government when something definite is settled.

Across the channel is the interesting lighthouse on Goose Rock, which appears to have sprung up from the sea without foundation. When this was being built, many of the men who belonged here were housed on Widows Island.

Gulls, sometimes called "rookies," have always liked our snug little harbor, and were so numerous that a dory-load of herring was a mere bagatelle for them, if left for hours. A few are an addition to any shore scene; their broad white wings against the deep blue of the sky, sailing along on a strong breeze like a miniature plane, are indeed one of God's wonders. But Uncle Sam conceived the idea of letting air into their eggs, which has reduced them to a comfortable number.

ROOKIES

Blue sky overhead
Between the earth and sky,
The rookies laugh
As if in ecstasy
The joys of earth to quaff.

Along the freight-shed roof
They stand in rows,
First on one foot
And then the other,
Then rise in air, to settle again
Beside some brother.

OUR ISLAND TOWN

A morsel is cast into the sea
From some boat moored or anchored near,
When all rise up with gleeful shout,
“We’re here, we’re here, we’re here!”

The earliest settlers of the summer colony came about 1882. In 1883 Mr. J. Murray Howe brought several friends, who acquired land. Early familiar names were: Cabot, Wheelwright, Brooks and Winsor.

Later, in 1884, came Dr. C. G. Weld, and since then we have such names as: Gaston, Norton, Lewis, Benson, Lamont, Morrow, Hallowell, Bullard, Reynolds, Harding, and many others.

Members of these first families continue to come year after year.

The Paralyzo, built in 1885, was the first of the summer buildings, followed by “The Palace,” built on the top of Kent’s Hill. About 1890 the first real summer homes were built by contractors Henry Calderwood, W. H. Glover, O. D. Lermond, and H. T. Duncan.

There are many fine cottages and estates bearing very appropriate names, as: Rock Haven, Torry Cliff, West Home, Niceplace, Anchorage, Lookout, Crow’s Nest, and others.

The first opportunities for convenient boating were few. There were no floats and boats were pulled up and down muddy beaches. About the greatest luxury was to have access to a wharf with a ladder nailed to it. Now, in 1941, we have wharves and floats at every landing.



SEAPLANE SERVICE

NUGGETS

Dinghys were the first racing boats. Next came the "Elfin" model, which was a very useful boat for exploring and picnicking, but easily filled if carelessly handled. This led to the installation of air tanks.

Many of these boats were built at the J. O. Brown boat shop.

A new model has recently been added — the Herschoff. Many of the boats now have colored sails, making a very pretty sight when all are collected for the regular Saturday afternoon races.

Our first regular passenger and mail service was by a sailing packet, "Greyhound." Captain Willard Mills made three trips weekly. Later to our service came the sidewheel steamer "Mt. Desert," which stopped in the middle of the Thoroughfare and put off passengers at no extra cost.

Seeing the need for more frequent mail service and a closer communication with the mainland, Dr. Weld built and equipped the "Sylvia," which was commanded by Captain Willard Mills.

Due to the growing popularity of North Haven as a summer resort, the Eastern Steamship Company found it profitable to lease a wharf and build a freight shed, which provided good summer service for a number of years, until changing conditions made it impossible to maintain such a large boat.

For some years now all boat service is given by the Vinalhaven, Rockland Steamboat Company through the steamboats "North Haven" and "W. S. White."

The Ferry from the North Haven side, to the Vinal-

OUR ISLAND TOWN

haven side of the Thoroughfare, was established by George Dyer, who later sold it to W. S. Hopkins.

This ferry service consisted of a rowboat for passengers, and a flat scow attached to a cable which was pulled through a sheave by hand—a very dirty job—which carried horses, cows, etc.

Arthur Hopkins, who now has the Ferry, gives good service with a motor boat and larger scow to take care of the automobiles.

Numerous harbors, creeks and coves indent our island, the principal one, called The Thoroughfare, being a snug little harbor between Vinalhaven and North Haven. It seems more like an inland river, long and narrow, a protection from wind in any quarter, with a narrow entrance at either end so that no outside seas reach it.

This harbor was long the home of large fishing fleets, and was a snug haven for the picturesque “Johnny Boats” which plied between Nova Scotia and Rockland with wood for the lime kilns.

Pulpit Harbor, at the western end, is noted along the Atlantic Coast as a beautiful and safe harbor. The landmark at its entrance is Pulpit Rock. President Franklin D. Roosevelt has twice spent nights there while cruising in Penobscot Bay.

Others are called: Bartlett’s Harbor, Kiars Creek, Marsh Cove, Little Thoroughfare, and Southern Harbor.

We have many beautiful trees, both evergreen and deciduous. One of our attractions was the lovely big willows on the bank below the Mullin House, now

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known as Havens Inn. When the willow blight came, these, together with the big one at Union Hall which was started from a willow cane stuck into the ground, and all others on the island died.

Few birds stay here the year around, but during spring and fall migrations we see practically every kind of songbird, some of which stop and raise families on their way.

The business street of our little village has changed in many ways in the past fifty years. Buildings have been moved, torn down, or replaced by others.

The old cooper shop which made fish barrels, located under an oak tree on the bluff below the Burr cottage, was torn down. Next in line came a building used as a retail store by C. S. Staples and later by Von Thomas. The building and location were later sold to Mr. Minot as a site for a summer home, which is now owned by James Tabbutt.

Lewis McDonald owned and operated a business in buildings which were afterward enlarged and remodeled for the Marine Chambers and Casino Wharf. C. S. Staples first built his storehouses, and later the store building now operated by W. S. Hopkins. The buildings owned and occupied by P. L. Brown were built by Jesse Mills, sold to Ira Waterman, later to Frank Waterman, and then to Edward Mills, who carried on a fish business which was sold to P. M. Brown, the present owner. The store occupied by P. L. Brown was built by Francis Mills on the north side of Main Street, and later moved to where it now stands.

The building owned by Eleanor Thornton and used for several years as a paper store was originally built

OUR ISLAND TOWN

by Herbert Young as a barber shop. It has been rented several times for various ventures, and is again, at present, a barber shop.

The F. H. Smith buildings, so called, were built by Mr. Smith and a brother who owned a general store. The earlier storehouses were to the east of the present buildings, and later the wharf and buildings were built. While the buildings have remained in the Smith family, several people have had stores in them: C. S. Staples & W. S. Hopkins, W. S. Hopkins, the C. E. Waterman Co., and Waterman Co., Inc., which occupies the buildings at the present time.

On the north side of Main Street, near where the fountain now stands, was a small building built for Ferdinand Cooper by Frank Smith for use as a barber shop, which later burned.

The McDonald store was in buildings built by Jesse Mills and later added to by Lewis McDonald, who operated a grocery store. This building is now the Post Office.

The old Mullin buildings which contain the Nelson Mullin grocery store and Mullin Hall afterward became our library for several years, until torn down by the Library Association, to be replaced by our present fine new building.

The general stores, which are fast becoming a thing of the past, are a source of great interest to visitors to the island, who marvel at so many items for sale under one roof.

The Brown Boat Shop operated for many years as J. O. Brown and later as J. O. Brown & Son, occupies buildings which were originally built by W. K. Lewis Co. as



LOOKING UP MAIN STREET

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a fish canning factory. When it was abandoned, the property was bought by Dr. C. G. Weld, who later sold it to J. O. Brown, who improved the buildings, which have been the site of a thriving business which is now entering its third generation in the family. The Minnow Pond was part of this property. It has been reclaimed by filling in, and sold in lots to the Knights of Pythias, to Frank Beverage for a store site, and to W. S. Hopkins and Elmer Hopkins.

The drinking fountain, a memorial to our boys who were in service in the last World War, is one of several made in Vinalhaven and placed here by the untiring efforts of Horace Noyes and J. O. Brown, and many others who contributed money and time.

Our Golf Links was once the farm of Melza Waterman, inherited by Orin Waterman, and sold to the Golf Links Association. It commands a wonderful view, and is one of the beauty spots of North Haven.

One of our oldest public buildings is Union Hall, now owned by the North Haven Grange. Others are Calderwood's Hall, built by Henry and Forest Calderwood and used as a dance hall and moving picture house; and the Knights of Pythias Hall, built by the Knights of Pythias Association, with lodge hall, selectmen's office, Western Union office, and a room which is now for rent. The basement was formerly rented to Frank Calderwood, and is now occupied by Ira Curtis.

William S. Hopkins, one of our older business men, was born on a farm on Vinalhaven. In his earlier days he was a lobster-fisherman, farmer, and worked in

OUR ISLAND TOWN

Brown's Boat Shop for a season. Later he bought the Ferry rights from George Dyer, and worked spare time for C. S. Staples, with whom he later went into business at the Smith buildings. Upon buying Mr. Staples' interests, he continued business there, and later when Mr. Staples retired he again bought his interests at his present location, where he has carried on business for thirty years.

Most homes once had their own wells for family use. Many of them are now filled up. The only one left on Main Street is "The Spring" near Calderwood's Hall. F. H. Smith and all summer people had artesian wells, until the present water system was installed. This water is supplied from the Fresh Pond, and has an unlimited supply.

RURAL FORECAST

When the sky is red in the morning
And there's a rainbow before noon,
When the stars are ghostly dim and dull,
And a ring forms round the moon,
When the crows caw long and loudly,
And flies stick tight and bite,
When fish jump from the water,
And sounds travel far at night,
When you can't get salt from the shaker
And your corns give you extra pain,
There's no need to consult an almanac,
You just know it's going to rain.

The North Haven Improvement Society, Inc., was started by the island and summer people, as the North

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Haven Board of Trade, for their mutual benefit. Much interest has been shown and a goodly amount of work accomplished.

Deciding that a suitable home should be provided for our Town and School Physician, Mrs. Sarah Cushing raised by subscription about \$1,200. This was deposited with the selectmen until such time as interest was again revived, and more money raised; then the North Haven Improvement Society purchased the Florrent Mills House which was remodelled into a convenient and comfortable Doctor's Home. Later the Simpson House was bought by the society, and is used in summer as a home for the summer doctor, and in winter as a home for the High School Principal. The President of the Society, Rev. Henry Huse, has devoted much time and energy to its interest.

— Mrs. Lillian Hopkins

OUR ISLAND TOWN

THE COOKIE TREE

Four o'clock of a July morning sounds dreadfully early as I think back on it, but to the little boy of five it seemed as if the better part of the day were already wasted. For weeks we had dreamed of nothing but North Haven; for days we had talked of nothing else; and now that we were finally here, Mother and Dad just slept.

To Dad, this summer visit to Maine in 1924 was the homing of the wild goose, but it was for my sister Virginia and me our first excursion into the Land Beyond. Native Californians, brought up on open beaches and desert, we found the beauty of the island-studded bay almost beyond our comprehension. The night boat from Boston was our first ocean steamer; the first view of the new day's sun from the Rockland ferry is as sharp in my memory as last night's fireflies; but nothing could be more thrilling than our first sight of Father Mills' house, as strong and compact and close-shuttered as New England itself, because it was to be our house for the whole summer.

I can remember almost nothing of that first day except the confusion of greetings and unpacking and the difficulty with which we were finally induced by Nettie and Edith to go up to bed. But I shall never forget the blackness of next morning's four o'clock and our whispered plan of campaign, nor Aunt Jean's gentle firmness in suggesting we let the chickens get a little more sleep, nor what seemed to us the climactic rejoinder,

"But you said we were going to see the cookie tree!"

THE COOKIE TREE

Around this mysterious tree we had built all our visions of summer. We first heard of it in an early letter from Aunt Jean to Mother; there, placed inconspicuously in the relation of such wonders as a hay-loft and a little swimming cove and wild strawberries and a real live cow, were the words,

“And we also have a cookie tree, the only one of its kind.”

We were incredulous at the time, but when we had come across the continent by train and seen the gold dome on the Massachusetts State House, we were willing to believe anything. So our first thought on our first settled day in North Haven was to investigate the cookie tree—not its existence, for that was already established in our minds, but its place and the particular nature of its fruit.

Aunt Jean managed to get us to return to bed, at least until daylight, but we did not sleep. At six we were up again, and this time we brought the house with us. Father Mills was already out with the cow, and from the kitchen came the wondrous fragrance of a New England breakfast. We dragged a sleepy but obliging mother and father out of bed, and wiggled ungracefully and unselfconsciously while Aunt Jean brought on the breakfast.

When Mother said we could leave the table, we made a break for the front door, waving half-eaten doughnuts aloft. Out on the porch we stopped just long enough to locate the marvelous tree.

Open meadow ran down to the Bay, and wooded islands hovered just above the water in the morning mist. Summer was in the clear bright air—the scent of sea and pine and meadow. Off to our right was the great red barn; to the left was a group of apple trees between

OUR ISLAND TOWN

blossom and fruit. And a little down from them towards the water was a solitary tree, a little larger than the others, from which hung some strange and unknown fruit.

Others might have stopped to question, but there was no doubt in our minds that the rainbow ended right there. With a whoop and a leap we were off the porch, and before Mother could call a word of caution we were dancing deliriously around what was unmistakably a cookie tree.

It was perhaps eight feet tall and quite full; and on the branches, in place of any ordinary fruit, were cookies of all sizes and varieties, each joined to the tree through a doughnut hole in the center.

But we had no time for observation. Quite unmindful of our enormous breakfast, we reached up and picked some of the cookies. They came away easily in our hands, and Aunt Jean assured us they were still warm because they had just finished growing. And they were so good—molasses cookies and sugar cookies, cookies sprinkled with nuts and with little colored candies, cookies flavored with butterscotch and vanilla and cinnamon. We had more than done justice to Aunt Jean's breakfast, but we seemed to have infinite space for real cookies growing on a real tree.

In the happy months that followed, this tree was the living center of our Land of Heart's Desire. Strangely enough, it bore fruit only once each week; on every Tuesday morning the branches would be loaded with the wonderful cookies, and the air all about the tree would be filled with their lovely fragrance. Virginia and I always woke up early, but Tuesdays we were outside to greet the cookie tree with the sun. And somehow we managed to eat just enough and store

THE COOKIE TREE

away just enough that the next flowering of this wonderful tree came at the right time for our appetites.

I suppose if we had looked more closely we would have seen that our beloved tree was a good-sized apple tree without its apples and blossoms. And I suppose if we had been allowed to stay up late on Monday nights, or hidden in the cellar as we had one year waiting for Santa Claus, we would have found Aunt Jean mixing and baking her delicious cookies far into the night, and Father Mills hanging them on the tree, one by one.

— Lloyd Mills, Jr.
720 So. Lucerne Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California

OUR ISLAND TOWN

MY DISPOSITION

I never scowl — unless I'm mad.
I do not smile — unless I'm glad.
I never cry — unless I'm sad.
— Queer disposition.

Why am I sad when life's no fun?
Why do I lag when work's not done?
There's a reason, yes, just one.
— Queer disposition.

Why don't I do my work with zest?
Why am I such a little pest?
Oh! Why did I ever write this mess?
— Queer disposition.

— Shirley Gillis

ECHOES OF A SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

ECHOES OF A SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

We live upon a little Isle
Way off the Coast of Maine,
Sometimes it's mighty lonesome,
But we love it just the same.

We haven't many men of note
Like Sinclair and Doheny,
Although our island's far remote,
We have a Mussolini.

No doubt we seem illiterate,
But quite to the contrary,
The most of us can read and write,
For we have a library.

They voted to move the building,
And they commandeered old Paul,
They paid five hundred dollars
For a few holes in the wall.

Now Mr. Paul, his son and all,
Were hung up, so 'tis said,
So he phoned to Mussolini,
And he said, "Go right ahead."

He put the blockings under,
And tried to make them stay,
But an order came, like thunder,
To take the things away.

OUR ISLAND TOWN

So the building still reposes,
Where it's been for fifty years,
And they called another meeting
To dry away the tears.

We went up to the meeting house,
The one that's way up yonder,
They simply undone what they'd done
And let the people ponder.

They talked a lot about the vote,
Some said it was unlawful,
While others thought it was a joke,
I thought the thing was awful.

I was pleased to see the loyal three,
They looked so kind and regal,
But before we vote, from Jim I quote,
"For God's sake make it legal."

Old Hanscom T. a speech made he
That set my nerves a-tingle,
He held the floor two hours or more,
And made the rafters jingle.

He gazed around us folks in town
Where other folks were mingled,
He raved galore and talked and swore,
But we never lost a shingle.

The hall was full of angry men
Who at their mouths were frothing,
Perhaps they had the rabies then
For Il Duce said nothing.

ECHOES OF A SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

Now some of us were misinformed,
At least that's what's been quoted,
For I will say until this day
We don't know how we voted.

We had to dispose of the structure
To our great regret we found,
So they turned it over to Rombo
And he razed it to the ground.

I pity the folk of foreign lands
Like those of Abyssinia,
Because our fate is in good hands,
God bless our Mussolini!

— Ralph Gillis

OUR ISLAND TOWN

WAITIN' FOR THE MAIL

If you live on North Haven and want to hear the news,
To learn the topics of the day, and find out who is who,
There's a place here to do it, and the source will never
fail,

Sitting 'round in Hopkins' store, waitin' for the mail.

Uncle Zene will tell you what he heard on the air,
You'll hear the news of Rockland the last time John
was there.

Merle predicts the weather and prophesies a gale,
While Will looks wise and listens, waitin' for the mail.

If you want the news of fishing, you know the spot to
pick,

A bag of spuds to sit on, where tobacco smoke is thick.
You'll learn the price of scallops and why lobsters have
a tail,

Sitting 'round in Phil Brown's store, waitin' for the mail.

Skilly tends the counter, and he tells you what he
thinks,

Phil tells you where the smelts have gone, Jim Tabbot
talks of mink,

Goldie tells of Palm Beach fishing, and how the dol-
phins sail,

Sitting 'round in Phil Brown's store, waitin' for the mail.

Russ sits on the counter and he tells you how it's done,
Twink talks of going to Rockland, Ben talks about his
gun.

W. P. A. gets discussion, Roosevelt is put in jail,
And he builds a new library there, waitin' for the mail.

WAITIN' FOR THE MAIL

If you like to hear of yachting, and learn who won the
race,

Just grab yourself a nail keg and sit down in any place.
They'll take apart your engine and tell you how to sail,
Sitting 'round in Foy Brown's shop, waitin' for the mail.

Thorne will cut a gasket and talk about his traps,
Perc will growl about a spark plug and try to set the
gaps,

Ray will hold a garboard, while Frank drives in a nail,
And Paul will pester Harvey's dog, waitin' for the mail.

For general conversation, from airplanes down to mud,
Put on your high-top rubber boots and wander down
to Cud's.

They'll put "Der Feuhrer" behind the eight-ball and
Stalin into jail,

Sitting 'round the poolroom waitin' for the mail.

Maurice makes a billiard, while Sherman keeps the
score,

The Reader listens for the boat and then runs for the
door.

The gun club buys some pheasants, and half a dozen
quail,

And Cuddy makes 'bout fifteen cents, waitin' for the
mail.

If your mail is quite important and you like to push and
shove,

Go right up to the office with a pair of boxing gloves,
Back up into a corner and you may ride out the gale,
But I think I'd rather be outside, waitin' for the mail.

— C. Bonny Quinn

OUR ISLAND TOWN

"SHORTY'S" O. K.

All was peaceful at the Wayside Service Station. Frank was at work on the tonsils of his new "Chevy." "Shorty" was playing "Yankee Doodle" on a brake drum with a hammer. Outside the door arose a mixture of hisses, rattles and explosions. Above the hubbub faintly sounded a voice. "Open the door," it shouted. The doors were opened and Lewis drove triumphantly into the garage.

The doorway and the building were filled with a dense smoke. "Huh," snarled Frank, "Trying to wean her off to kerosene, is he?"

Lewis threw the switch, pushed in the clutch, stepped on the brake, pulled back the emergency, and as a last resort threw her into reverse. The car shivered and stopped, a bare inch from the rear wall! Calmly Lewis stepped out over a broken door and placed his foot on that portion of the running board where there was no hole. Grinning from ear to ear, he asked, "Can you put a sticker on the old wagon?"

"Get in and back her up to this line."

"I can push her a lot easier."

"Maybe you can, but back her up anyway. We have to be sure the motor's all right."

Lewis climbed in and started her up. The result—a rush of smoke, the clash of gears, the roar of cylinders in deadly combat, a series of violent backfires. When the roar had been silenced, Lewis dove under the heat-blackened hood and emerged with a tin can full of gasoline.

"SHORTY'S" O. K.

"It's the overflow," he explained. "The carburetor doesn't have a gasket."

A jack was produced and the car was soon in the air with "Shorty" under her. A moment later his head emerged from the hole in the running board.

"For heaven's sake, where are the brakes on this thing?"

Haskell's face wore a puzzled look. "The brakes? Oh yes, the brakes, they didn't work well, so I took them off to fix them. They're all right now though. They're on the bench up in my garage."

"Shorty" grunted and jotted down, "Brakes O. K."

"How are her lights?"

Lewis produced two flashlights from under the rear seat. "You see when I used to drive after dark I had a sister to sit on each fender and hold a flashlight. They got mad at me, so now I only drive on moonlight nights. You see I really don't need them now."

"Shorty" grunted again, "Lights O. K."

"Now for the tires. . . . What the heck! . . . The blamed thing hasn't any!"

"Oh them, you see they won't wear or blow out if I leave them at home. Blowouts are dangerous, and besides her springs are all busted so she don't ride very good anyhow."

"Shorty" looked discouraged but wrote, "Tires O.K."

"You don't need any horn, so that's O. K. too. Well, I guess I'll have to give you a sticker. She seems to be all right, but still there's something 'fishy' about her."

"Oh yes, that's the bait keg which I have in the rear seat," Lewis replied.

"Shorty" came out with the sticker and a sponge.

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As he reached up to moisten the windshield, his hand passed through the frame.

“Put her over the speedometer,” said Lewis. “That thing doesn’t work and someone might complain if they knew about it.”

The garage doors opened, Haskell drove his pride and joy into the open air.

“Gee, she stood inspection! Carl can’t get me for another six months.”

— Richard Waterman



THE HORSECHESTNUT TREE

IMPROVING CHESTNUT ROAD

IMPROVING CHESTNUT ROAD

Spring, 1927

There was a horsechestnut in town
Of neither much fame nor renown.

The new road runs so near,
'Twill of course interfere,
So some people said, "Cut it down!"

Then other ones said, "Spare the tree,
Its beauty is rare, don't you see?"

So it's made much dissension,
Drawn a lot of attention,
To this lone old horsechestnut tree.

The town fathers are almost insane,
For people each day do complain
The road's driving them mad,
Which is really too bad,
And it seems all their plans are in vain.

When others said, "Let the tree stand,
And move the P. O. off the land,
The Road Comm. then said,
"It's all gone to my head,
I'll cut the tree with my own hand."

The Third Selectman said one day,
"Should Lucy's window be in the way,
Just run the plough through

OUR ISLAND TOWN

Cora's front doorstep too,
But damages we will not pay."

Three Selectmen all in a stew,
They scarcely know just what to do.
The Road Comm.'s head's dizzy,
Everybody's so busy
Telling everyone else what to do.

These obstacles they got around.
Then Lucy said, "Where is my bound?"
The Road Comm. so hurried,
The Selectmen so flurried,
Had buried it deep in the ground.

— Fostina Duncan

